

SPINE-TINGLING TALES OF MYSTERY AND SUSPENSE



AND

WEB OF EVIL

FEBRUARY No. 11

10c

**THE FACE OF
THE DEVIL**

BURIED ALIVE

**THE MOULDER
OF DOOM**

**THE MONSTER
THEY COULDN'T KILL**





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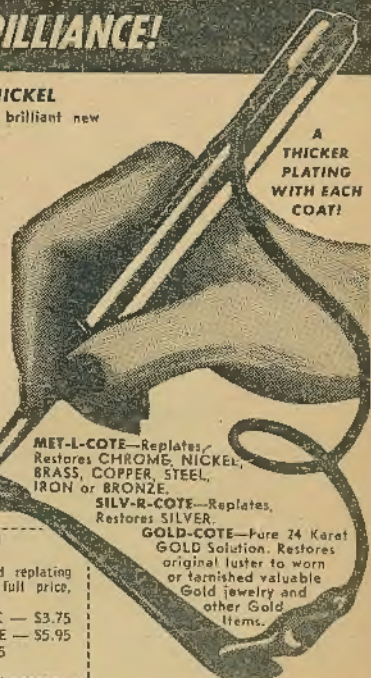


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RESTORE YOUR TREASURES—MAKE THEM VALUABLE AGAIN

WEB OF EVIL

THE MOULDER OF DOOM



T-THEY'VE COME BACK TO LIFE! THEY ARE SEEKING VENGEANCE, MASTER!

M-MOKO! CONTROL YOURSELF! THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE ---- WE MUST ESCAPE!

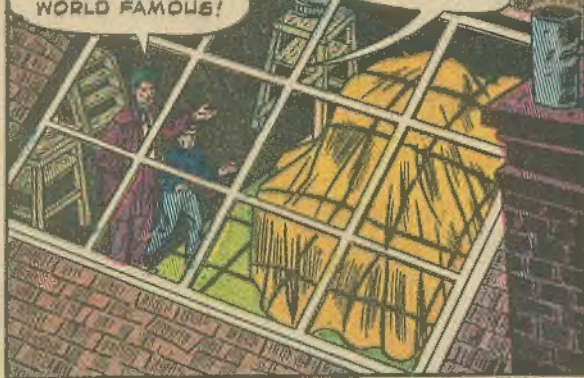
HE STOOD BEFORE THE MASTERPIECES OF HIS CREATION --- ALONE AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN! WERE THE VILLAGE RUMORS TRUE? DID GUY MORZAT ACTUALLY POSSESS THE HANDS OF DEATH? WAS THIS GREAT SCULPTOR THE VILLIAN WHO STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE TOWN'S PEOPLE? IN SHORT MOMENTS THE WORLD WOULD KNOW --- FOR SOMEHOW, SOME WAY THE VENGEANCE OF HIS HELPLESS VICTIMS WAS MOVING IN AGAINST HIM!

IN THE LITTLE FRENCH TOWN OF DUVALL, SCULPTOR GUY MORZAT VEILS HIS LATEST WORKS AND STEPS BACK WITH A SIGH OF SATISFACTION!

AH-H--- FINISHED AT LAST, MY FAITHFUL MOKO! AND THE REWARD WILL BE MORE THAN FINANCIAL---IT IS MY GREATEST WORK! I WILL BECOME WORLD FAMOUS!

B-BUT I AM AFRAID, MASTER! THE VILLAGERS... PERHAPS THEY WILL NOT LIKE YOUR STATUE OF THEIR PATRIOTIC HERO!

THAT CANNOT BE HELPED, MOKO! THESE ARE THE HANDS OF GENIUS! THEY SEE BENEATH THE MORTAL EXTERIOR OF MAN TO MOULD HIS VERY SOUL ITSELF! SO IT WAS WITH THEIR HERO, GERAD!



NOW HURRY--- MOVE, MY MASTERPIECE TO THE PICK-UP PLATFORM! THE PORTERS WILL BE HERE AT DAWN TO TAKE IT TO THE TOWN HALL FOR THE UNVEILING CEREMONIES! AH-H--- WHAT A DAY TOMORROW WILL BE!

INDEED, IT WILL--- MASTER!



AT HIGH NOON THE NEXT DAY, ANXIOUS CITIZENS OF DUVALL GATHER BEFORE THEIR TOWN HALL WHERE---

VILLAGERS! FOURTEEN MONTHS AGO YOU COMMISSIONED ME TO CAPTURE THE SPIRIT OF YOUR HERO WITH MY HANDS! I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THAT TASK TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY---

HURRAH!

LET US SEE IT, MORZAT!



MOKO! UNVEIL THE STATUE OF PAUL GERAD, HERO!

O-OUI--- MASTER!



THE VEIL SLIPS SILENTLY FROM THE STATUE! THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENT EXPECTATION! THEN, THE VILLAGERS EYES TURN RED WITH RAGE AS THEY STUDY THE FIGURE BEFORE THEM!

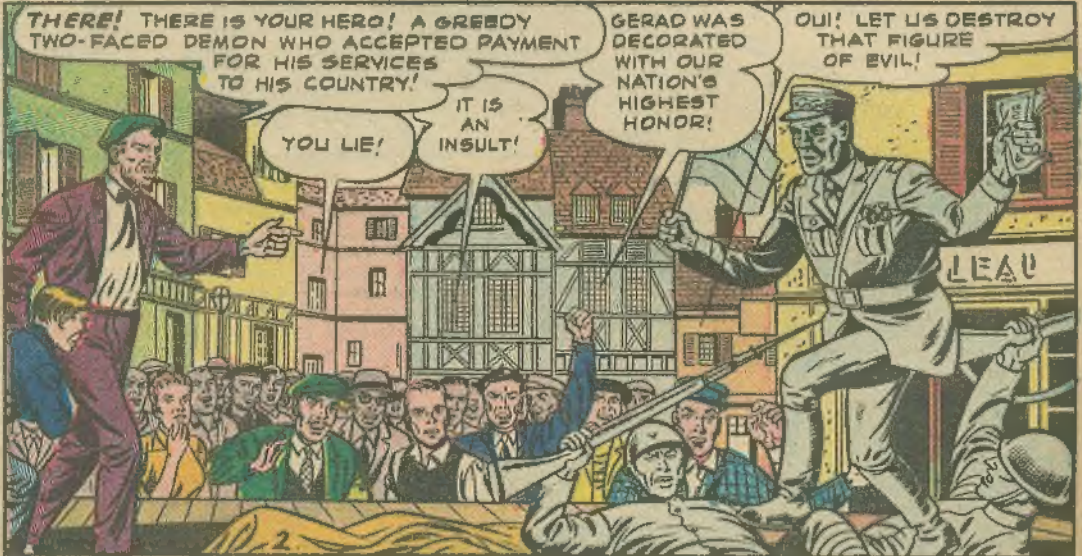
THERE! THERE IS YOUR HERO! A GREEDY TWO-FACED DEMON WHO ACCEPTED PAYMENT FOR HIS SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY!

YOU LIE!

IT IS AN INSULT!

GERAD WAS DECORATED WITH OUR NATION'S HIGHEST HONOR!

OUI! LET US DESTROY THAT FIGURE OF EVIL!



SCULPTOR MORZAT TAKES TO REASON
WITH THE INFURIATED CROWD ---

W-WAIT! I SPENT OVER
A YEAR WORKING ON
THIS FIGURE! DON'T
DESTROY IT!



BUT THE CROWD IS DEAF TO MORZAT'S PLEAS---

STOP! STOP!
YOU SWINE!

BACK YOU DOG! YOU DARE
DEFAEME THE NAME OF
HERO, PAUL GERAD!



IN
MADDENED
VENGEANCE,
THE
TOWN
FOLK
SWARM
AGAINST
MORZAT
AND
HIS
WARPED
CREATION!

MY HANDS!
MY HANDS!
YIIII!



FINALLY--

NEVER ENTER THIS
TOWN AGAIN,
MORZAT!

DEMON!



THE PEOPLE OF DUVALL
WILL LIVE IN SHAME
FOR YOUR FOUL
DEED!

BEGONE!



LOOK! LOOK, MOKO!
MY HANDS---THEY
ARE HOPELESSLY
MANGLED! I'LL--
NEVER
SCULPTURE
AGAIN!

MY HEART
BLEEDS
FOR YOU,
MASTER!
THE DULL
VILLAGERS --
THEY DID NOT
SEE YOUR
SKILL!





A
FORT-
NIGHT
PASSES!
THEN
AS THE
TOWN OF
OUVALL
RESTS
PEACEFULLY
ONE
MOONLIT
NIGHT...



SOON, THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT OF IT... A MURDEROUS FIEND WAS LOOSE IN DUVALL...



AH, IT IS A SAD CURSE THAT HAS FALLEN UPON US, MAYOR!

YES, INDEED! FIRST PIERRE, THE BUTCHER, THEN OLD MR. HOLTZ, AND NOW CARTIER!

AND STILL LATER...

SACRE! THE FIEND HAS GOTTEN FRANCOIS ALSO!

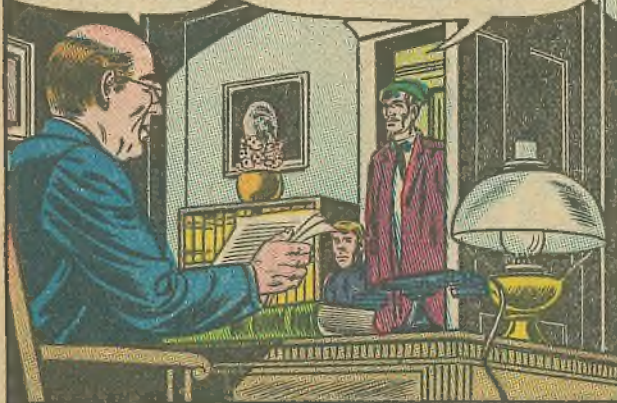
ALAS! NEVER AGAIN WILL HE ROLL A CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH FOR OUR BOWLING TEAM!



THEN AS THE TOWN BOWS ITS HEAD IN GRIEF A STRANGE THING OCCURS---

YOU! HOW DARE YOU RETURN TO DUVALL IN HER TIME OF TRIAL!

WAIT! SEEK TO UNDERSTAND ME, MAYOR RENE! IT IS BECAUSE OF YOUR GRIEF THAT I HAVE COME BACK!



MY HANDS, THEY ARE DESTROYED, MAYOR! BUT I HAVE IMPARTED MY SKILLS TO MOKO! MAYOR, AS REPENTANCE FOR THE HURT I HAVE CAUSED, I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE STATUES OF THE VICTIMS! WITH MOKO'S HELP WE CAN CREATE MASTERPIECES!

STATUES?

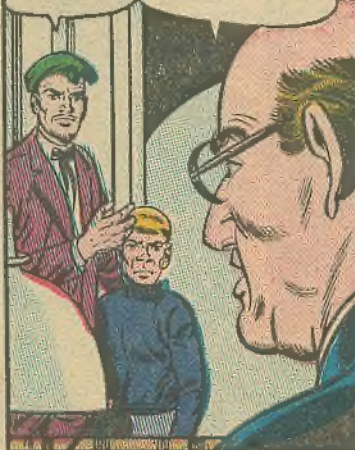


OUI! DELICATE LIFE-LIKE FIGURES THAT WOULD BRING JOY TO THOSE WHO REMEMBER THE DEPARTED ONES! I WILL COPY PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE VICTIMS!

VOILA! MORZAT, PERHAPS THERE SHOULD BE FORGIVENESS IN OUR TIME OF NEED! NONE HAVE EVER DOUBTED YOUR GENIUS! A FINE IDEA!

THANK YOU, MAYOR! WE SHALL WORK OUR VERY BEST! MOKO SHALL SCULPTURE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT AS I DIRECT HIM!

GOOD! GOOD! I SHALL NOTIFY THE VILLAGE!



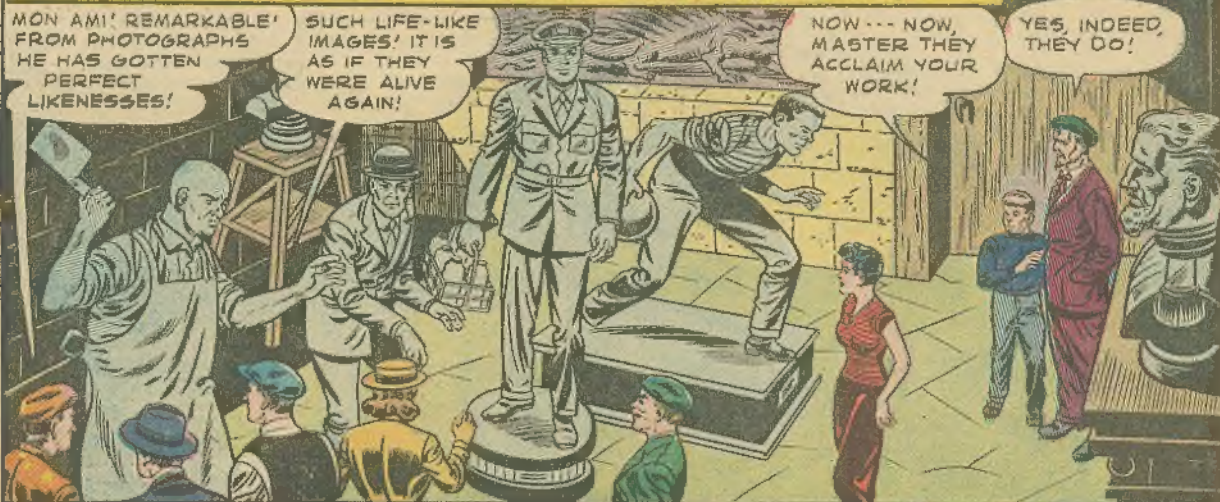
SO IT IS THAT SEVERAL WEEKS AFTERWARD ---

MORZAT HAS NOTIFIED ME HE IS DONE! REMEMBER! WE HAVE AGREED TO FORGIVE HIM HIS EVIL WORK!

BUT OF COURSE HEARTS ARE TOO HEAVY IN DUVALL TO HOLD GRIEVANCES!



INSIDE THE STRANGE MUSEUM THE CITIZENS ARE OVERJOYED AT WHAT THEY FIND ---



MON AMI! REMARKABLE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS HE HAS GOTTEN PERFECT LIKENESSES!

SUCH LIFE-LIKE IMAGES! IT IS AS IF THEY WERE ALIVE AGAIN!

NOW --- NOW, MASTER THEY ACCLAIM YOUR WORK!

YES, INDEED, THEY DO!



I VOWED ONE DAY I WOULD MAKE THEM RESPECT MY ART! HA! LOOK AT THEM GROVEL BEFORE MY CRAFTSMANSHIP!



LATER, AS THE MUSEUM IS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT ---

THE MUSEUM IS CLOSED! COME BACK TOMORROW!

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I AM NOT A CITIZEN OF DUVALL BUT A PARIS BUSINESS MAN! I WISH WORDS WITH YOU!



SHORTLY---

YOU MEAN YOU WOULD BACK ME IN A GREAT PARIS MUSEUM WITH MY PLASTER OF PARIS FIGURES?

BUT OF COURSE! YOUR WORK IS THE GREATEST I HAVE EVER SEEN! SUCH TRUE FEATURES, SUCH EXPRESSIONS! BUT, M'SIEUR, YOU MUST FIRST MAKE MANY MORE PLASTER FIGURES FOR DISPLAY!



YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID, MOKO! HE NEEDS A DOZEN MORE OF OUR FINE FIGURES --- THEN WE WILL BE RICH! A GREAT MUSEUM ALL OUR OWN IN PARIS!

YES, MASTER, WE MUST GO TO WORK AGAIN!

SO ONCE AGAIN THE HAND OF DOOM DEPENDS UPON THE VILLAGE OF DUVAL! DEATH STRIKES MYSTERIOUSLY OUT OF THE NIGHT---



H-HELP! T-THE FIEND! YIII!

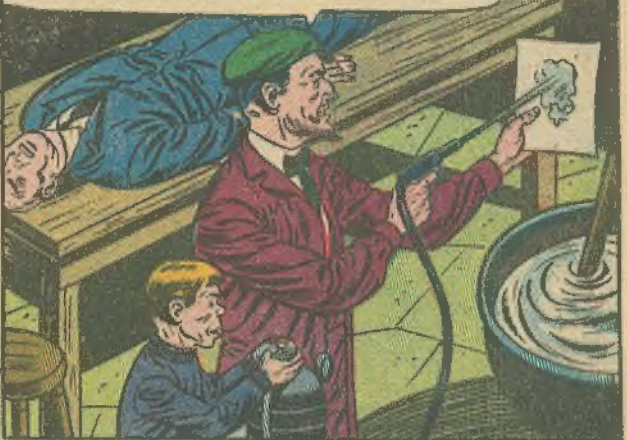
AND LATER, DEEP BENEATH THE MUSEUM
A MACABRE SCENE UNFOLDS - - -

THE POSTMAN WAS
A FINE SPECIMEN,
MASTER!

YES, INDEED, MOKO! WE MUST
HAVE ONLY THE BEST
SUBJECTS FOR OUR
MUSEUM!



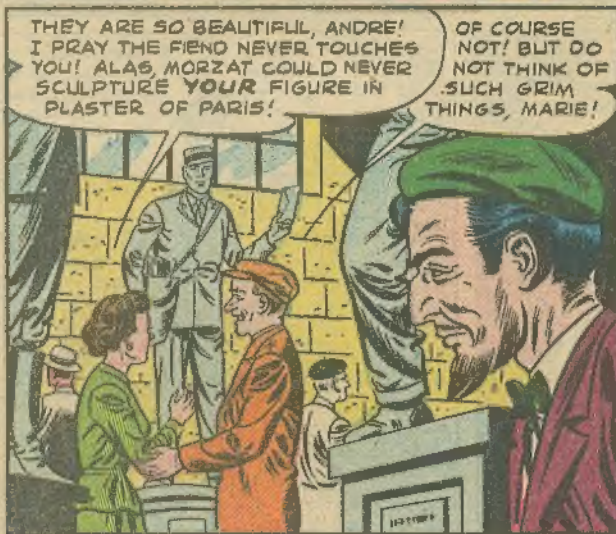
THE DELICATE SPRAY OF PLASTER OF PARIS MUST BE
PERFECTLY ADJUSTED! IT IS THIS THAT GIVES OUR
SUBJECTS SUCH LIFE-LIKE EXPRESSIONS! HA, HA!
IT COATS THE BODIES TO PERFECTION!



ONCE
AGAIN
THE
SAD
PROCES-
SION
OF
FRIENDS
AND
RELATIVES
PASS
BEFORE
THE
NEW
VICTIMS---

THEY ARE SO BEAUTIFUL, ANDRE!
I PRAY THE FIEND NEVER TOUCHES
YOU! ALAS, MORZAT COULD NEVER
SCULPTURE YOUR FIGURE IN
PLASTER OF PARIS!

OF COURSE
NOT! BUT DO
NOT THINK OF
SUCH GRIM
THINGS, MARIE!



BUT THE VERY NEXT NIGHT DEATH
STRIKES ANDRE - - -



AND SEVERAL DAYS AFTERWARD AS
MORZAT PAYS A VISIT TO THE MAYOR---

AH, MAYOR, I HAVE
JUST FINISHED AN
EXCELLENT FIGURE
OF POOR ANDRE!
I WISH TO HELP
BUT, AH, IT IS
SUCH SAD
WORK!

OUI! WHEN WILL
THIS HORROR
EVER END? WHO
COULD BE DOING
THIS DEVIL'S
WORK?... MORZAT!
YOU SAY YOU
SCULPTURED ANDRE!
HOW? HOW DID YOU
DO IT?



BY WORKING FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS
I HAVE OF
HIM, OF
COURSE! I
ACQUIRED
THEM ABOUT
TOWN! THE
USUAL WAY
I WORK!

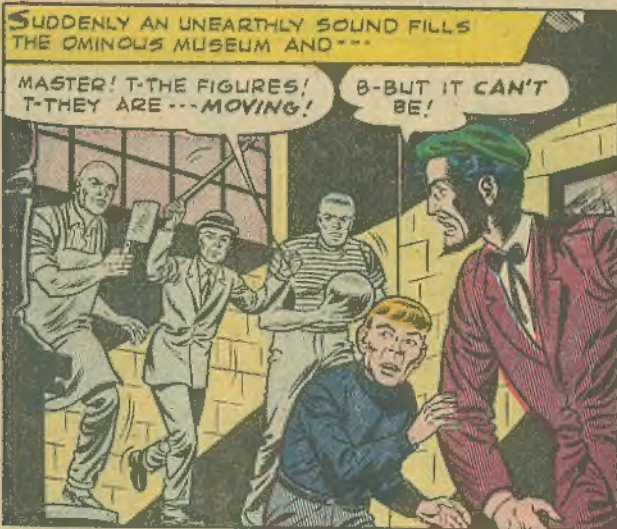
YOU LIE! ANDRE
NEVER HAD A
PICTURE
TAKEN OF HIM-
SELF! HE HATED
PHOTOGRAPHS!
ALWAYS, HE WAS
THE BUTT OF
JOKES BECAUSE
OF IT,
MORZAT---



... YOU! YOU ARE THE
FIEND! MAIS OUI! OF
COURSE! THAT
EXPLAINS
EVERYTHING---
OH-H!

FOOL!





THEN IN THE WEIRD HALF-LIGHT, THE BOWLING PLAYER MOVES FORWARD GRIMLY! CAN THIS BE TRUE? HAVE LONG DEAD HUMANS RETURNED TO LIFE?

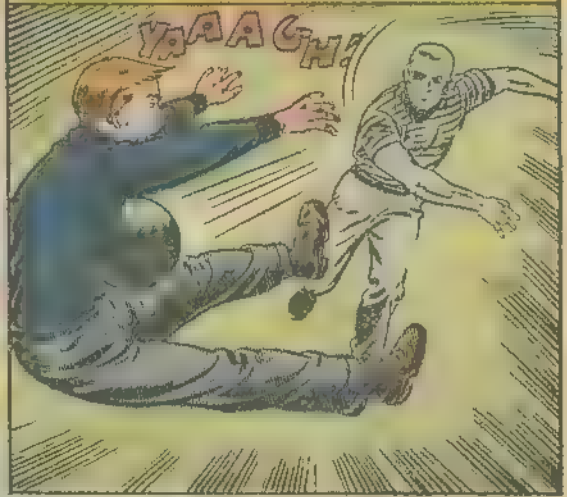
VENGEANCE! THEY SEEK OUR LIVES FOR VENGEANCE MASTER!

MOKO! LOOK OUT!



A HAND FROM THE GRAVE MOVES... AND DITCHES A JUGGERNAUT OF DEATH THROUGH THE AIR...

YAAAGH!

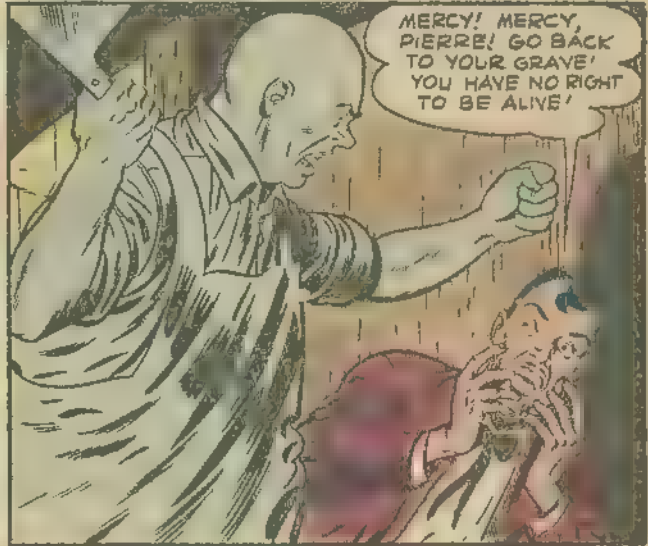


KILLERS! FENDS! LET US IN!

I'M TRAPPED! PIERRE, THE BUTCHER IS COMING FOR ME!



MERCY! MERCY, PIERRE! GO BACK TO YOUR GRAVE! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE ALIVE!



L-LOOK!

VIOLA! THE DEVIL HAS DIED BY THE HAND OF HIS VICTIM!

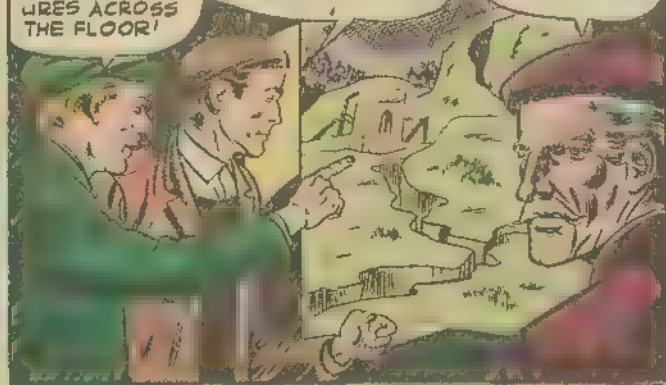
B-BUT HOW? PLASTER FIGURES CANNOT MOVE!



BUT THE FIGURES DID MOVE! THAT SLODDEN EARTH-QUAKE... THE FIRST WEVE HAD --- IT BOUNCED THE PLASTER FIGURES ACROSS THE FLOOR!

MA S OLI! AND THE FIGURE OF POOR PIERRE FELL UPON THE SWINE AND TOOK HIS LIFE! IT'S AS THOUGH THE FIGURES REACHED OUT FROM THE GRAVE FOR HIM!

PERHAPS... PERHAPS THEY DO COME TO LIFE FOR A MOMENT OF VENGEANCE!

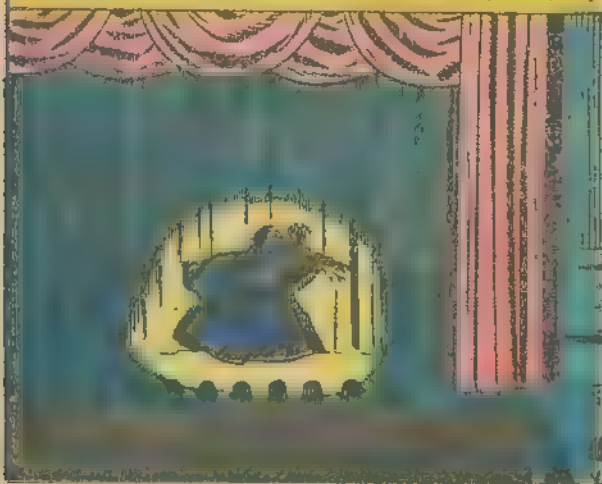


BURIED ALIVE

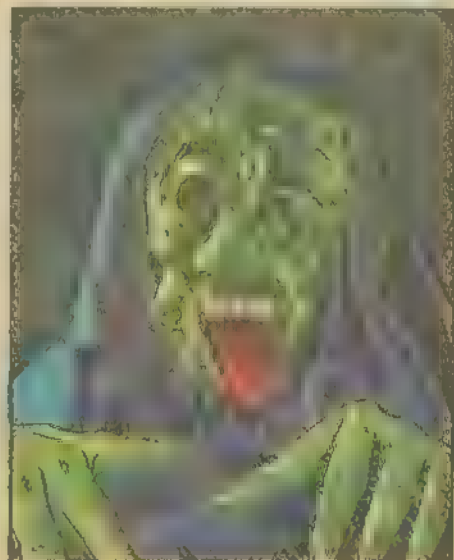


HUGO'S HATRED WAS FIERCE...AND HE SWORE WILD VENGEANCE AGAINST THE ONE MAN WHO COULD RIVAL HIS MAGICAL SKILLS! BUT TO FULFILL HIS THREAT HE WAS FORCED TO FEIGN DEATH! HOWEVER, DEATH IS THE GREATEST MAGICIAN OF ALL AND CANNOT BE SCORNE! FOR NO ONE RETURNS FROM THE DEAD!

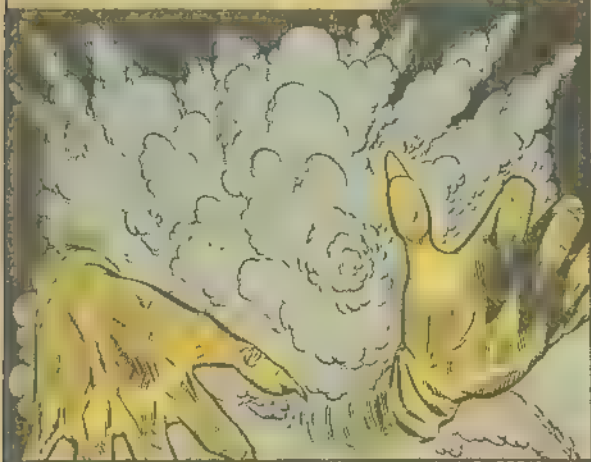
IN THE OMINOUS SILENCE OF LONDON'S BASCO THEATRE A STRANGE TERRIFYING FIGURE PLODS SLOWLY ACROSS THE STAGE! IT APPEARS TO BE ALIVE... HUMAN! BUT IS IT?



OR IS IT SOME GHOST FROM THE PAST COME BACK TO HAUNT THE FAMOUS OLD PLAYHOUSE? THE HIDEOUS THING STALKS OFF THE STAGE AND UP THE AISLE! ITS GNARLED HANDS REACH OUT FOR YOU!



IN UTTER FRIGHT YOU REAR BACK TO AVOID ITS CLUTCH...
YOUR HEART BEATING LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER! BUT YOU
CAN'T--- IT IS UPON YOU! THEN---



IN THE
GREAT
SWIRL
OF SMOKE
THE
THING
SUDDENLY
DISAPPEARS
BEFORE
YOUR EYES!
THE HOUSE
LIGHTS
BRIGHTEN!
HUGO,
MASTER
OF
HORROR
HAS
COMPLETED
HIS ACT!

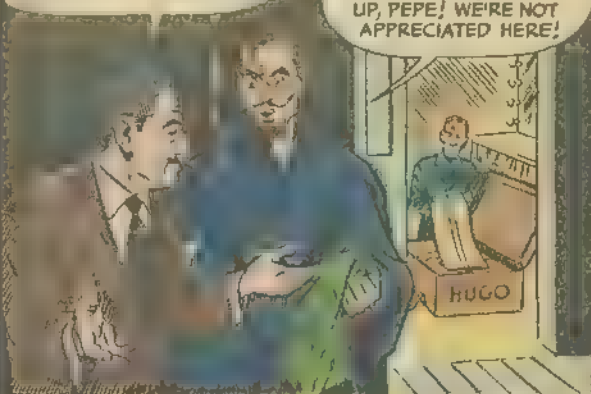
THAT'S THE EFFECT IT
WILL HAVE ON YOUR
AUDIENCE, MR. HERBERT!
FRIGHTEN THEM---
TERRIFY THEM AND
THEY'LL COME BACK
FOR MORE! WELL,
WAS MY AUDITION
A SUCCESS?

IT'S CERTAINLY A
NEW ANGLE FOR
A MAGICIAN, HUGO!
BUT ACTUALLY IT'S
NOTHING MORE
THAN THE DISAP-
PEARANCE ACT
PUT IN A HORROR
BACKGROUND!



FRANKLY, HUGO, I'D TAKE YOU
ON IF THE GREAT CARVEL
WASN'T AVAILABLE! BUT
HE'S GOT A MILLION TRICKS
UP HIS SLEEVE---AND HE'S
BOX OFFICE! SORRY!

CARVEL! IS HE THE
ONLY MAGICIAN ON
EARTH? HE IS A HAM
BESIDE ME! I CAN DO
THINGS HE NEVER
DREAMED OF! PACK
UP, PEPE! WE'RE NOT
APPRECIATED HERE!



ONE DAY I'LL PROVE TO THE WORLD
THAT I CAN BETTER CARVEL! THEN
WHEN YOU IDIOTS SCRAMBLE
FOR MY BOOKING I'LL MAKE
YOU PAY FOR THIS INSOLENCE!
GOOD EVENING!



LATER, AS THE ANGERED MAGICIAN
AND HIS LITTLE SERVANT WALK THE
STREET---

CONFOUND THAT CARVEL!
HE'S THE ONE MAN WHO STANDS IN
THE PATH OF MY SUCCESS! THE SWINE
HAS CHEATED US OUT OF A FORTUNE,
PEPE!



PEPE! WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO? COME
BACK HERE!

I-I WILL MAKE
HIM PAY FOR
YOUR UNHAPPY-
NESS, MASTER!

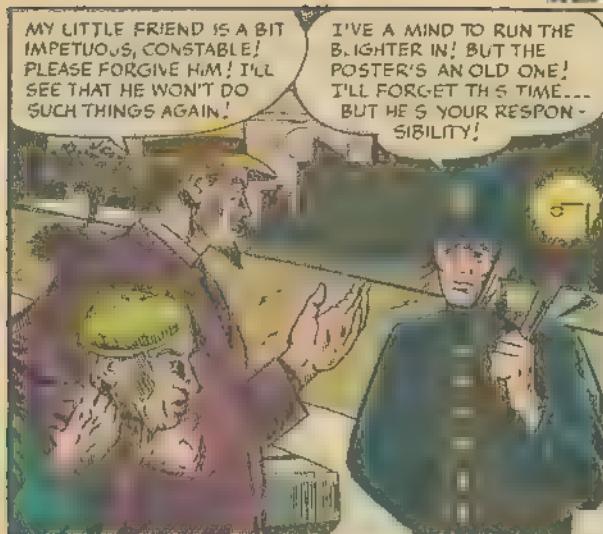


KILL! KILL!
KILL!

STOP IT! STOP IT,
PEPE! THAT WILL NOT
HELP US!

'ERE! 'ERE!
WHAT'S ALL
THE BREWIN'
ABOUT?





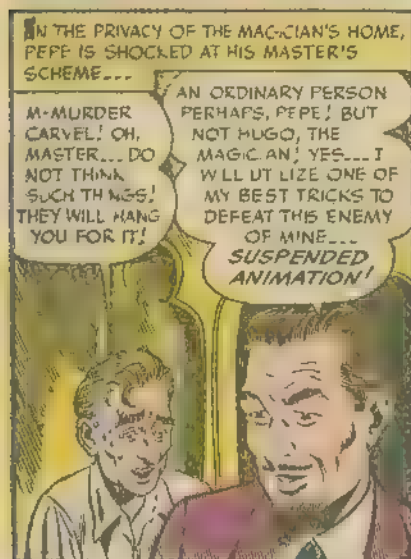
MY LITTLE FRIEND IS A BIT IMPETUOUS, CONSTABLE! PLEASE FORGIVE HIM! I'LL SEE THAT HE WON'T DO SUCH THINGS AGAIN!

I'VE A MIND TO RUN THE BRIGHTER IN! BUT THE POSTER'S AN OLD ONE! I'LL FORGET THIS TIME... BUT HE'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY!



I-I AM SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED YOU TROUBLE, MASTER!

DO NOT APOLOGIZE, LITTLE PEPE! YOUR OUTBURST HAS GIVEN ME A MOST MAGNIFICENT IDEA! LET US HURRY HOME... THERE IS MUCH WORK TO BE DONE!



IN THE PRIVACY OF THE MAGICIAN'S HOME, PEPE IS SHOCKED AT HIS MASTER'S SCHEME...

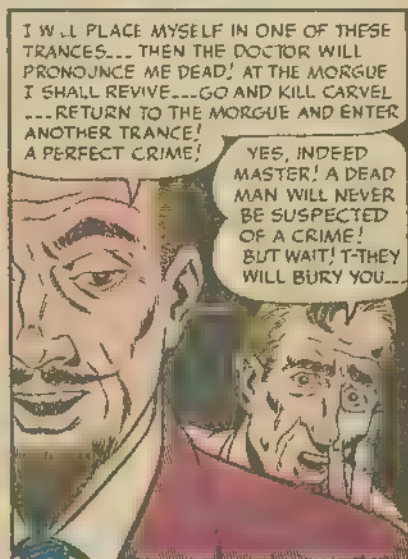
M-MURDER CARVEL! OH, MASTER... DO NOT THINK SUCH THINGS! THEY WILL HANG YOU FOR IT!

AN ORDINARY PERSON PERHAPS, PEPE! BUT NOT HUGO, THE MAGICIAN, YES... I WILL USE ONE OF MY BEST TRICKS TO DEFEAT THIS ENEMY OF MINE... **SUSPENDED ANIMATION!**



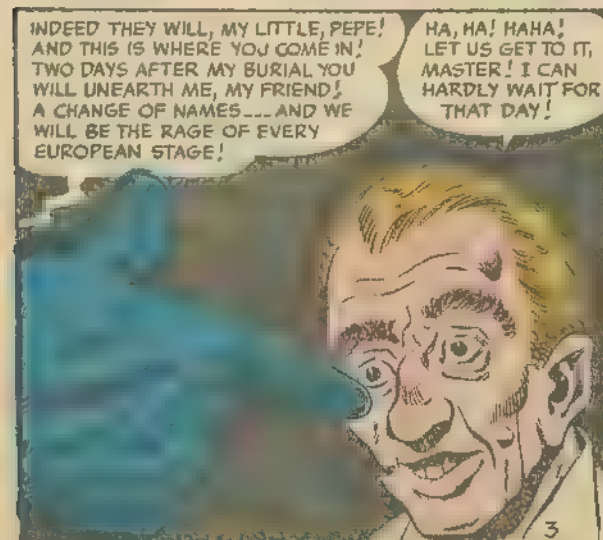
WHAT IS THAT, MASTER?

LIKE HYPNOTISM, PEPE... ONLY MORE SO! SUSPENDED ANIMATION IS THE CLOSEST TO DEATH A HUMAN CAN COME WITHOUT PERISHING! EVEN THE FAINT MURMUR OF THE HEART CANNOT BE DETECTED!



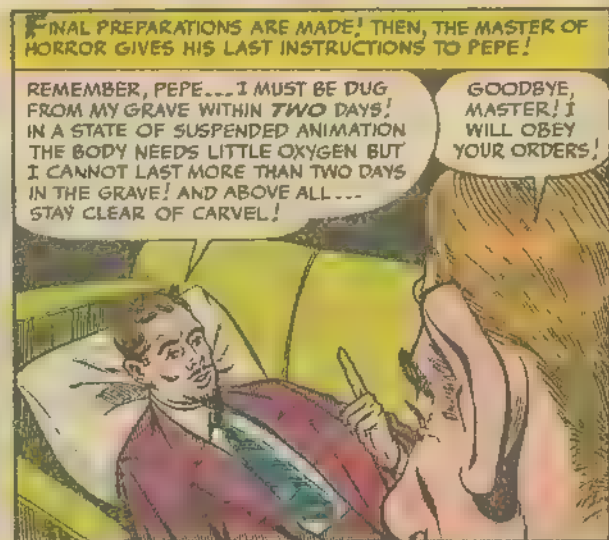
I WILL PLACE MYSELF IN ONE OF THESE TRANCES... THEN THE DOCTOR WILL PRONOUNCE ME DEAD! AT THE MORGUE I SHALL REVIVE... GO AND KILL CARVEL... RETURN TO THE MORGUE AND ENTER ANOTHER TRANCE! A PERFECT CRIME!

YES, INDEED MASTER! A DEAD MAN WILL NEVER BE SUSPECTED OF A CRIME! BUT WAIT! THEY WILL BURY YOU...



INDEED THEY WILL, MY LITTLE, PEPE! AND THIS IS WHERE YOU COME IN! TWO DAYS AFTER MY BURIAL YOU WILL UNEARTH ME, MY FRIEND! A CHANGE OF NAMES... AND WE WILL BE THE RAGE OF EVERY EUROPEAN STAGE!

HA, HA! HAHA! LET US GET TO IT, MASTER! I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THAT DAY!



FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE! THEN, THE MASTER OF HORROR GIVES HIS LAST INSTRUCTIONS TO PEPE!

REMEMBER, PEPE... I MUST BE DUG FROM MY GRAVE WITHIN **TWO DAYS!** IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION THE BODY NEEDS LITTLE OXYGEN BUT I CANNOT LAST MORE THAN TWO DAYS IN THE GRAVE! AND ABOVE ALL... STAY CLEAR OF CARVEL!

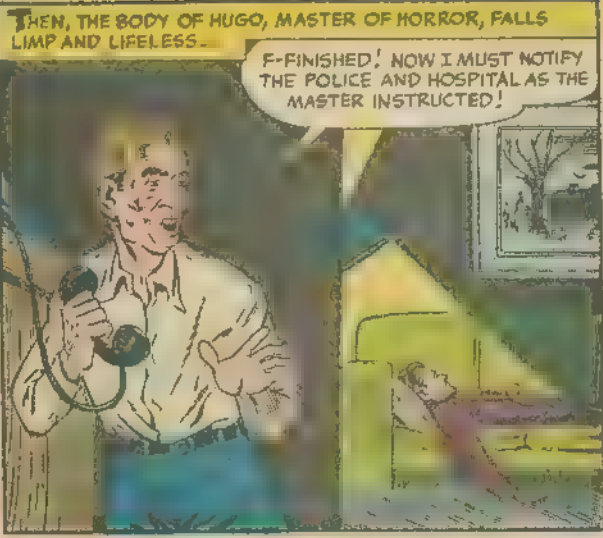
GOODBYE, MASTER! I WILL OBEY YOUR ORDERS!

AS HUGO ENTERS THE TRANCE THE MUSCLES OF HIS FACE CONTORT GROTESQUELY, FOR MINUTES HIS BODY QUIVERS AND SHAKES AS HIS NERVES ARE STRAINED BEYOND ENDURANCE!



THEN, THE BODY OF HUGO, MASTER OF HORROR, FALLS LIMP AND LIFELESS--

F-FINISHED! NOW I MUST NOTIFY THE POLICE AND HOSPITAL AS THE MASTER INSTRUCTED!

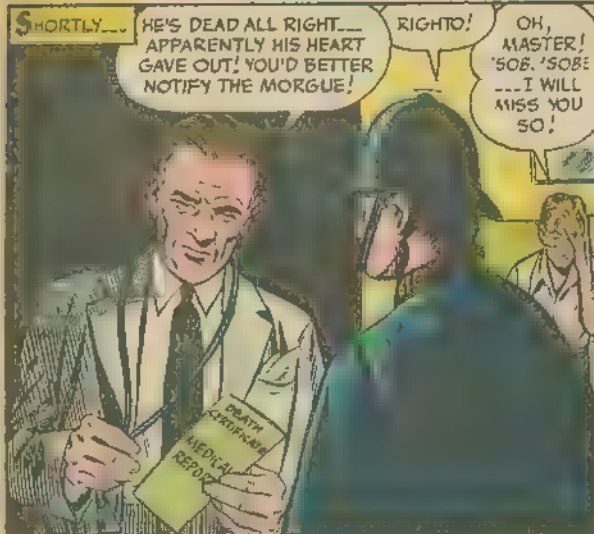


SHORTLY...

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT... APPARENTLY HIS HEART GAVE OUT! YOU'D BETTER NOTIFY THE MORGUE!

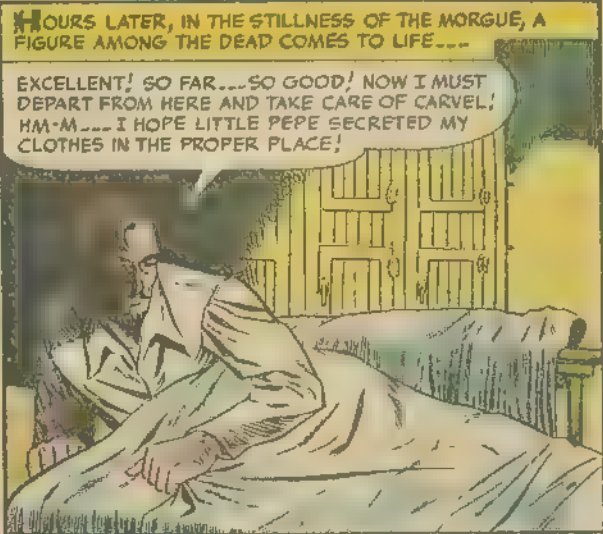
RIGHTO!

OH, MASTER! 'SOB. 'SOB. ...I WILL MISS YOU SO!



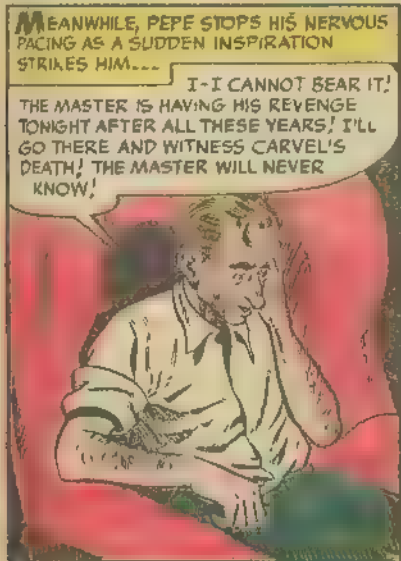
HOURS LATER, IN THE STILLNESS OF THE MORGUE, A FIGURE AMONG THE DEAD COMES TO LIFE--

EXCELLENT! SO FAR...SO GOOD! NOW I MUST DEPART FROM HERE AND TAKE CARE OF CARVEL! HM-M... I HOPE LITTLE PEPE SECRETED MY CLOTHES IN THE PROPER PLACE!



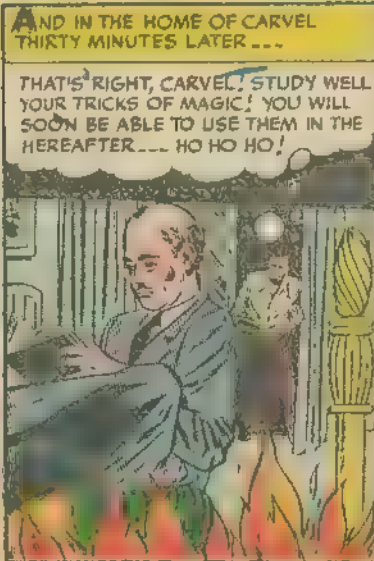
MEANWHILE, PEPE STOPS HIS NERVOUS PACING AS A SUDDEN INSPIRATION STRIKES HIM...

I-I CANNOT BEAR IT! THE MASTER IS HAVING HIS REVENGE TONIGHT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! I'LL GO THERE AND WITNESS CARVEL'S DEATH! THE MASTER WILL NEVER KNOW!



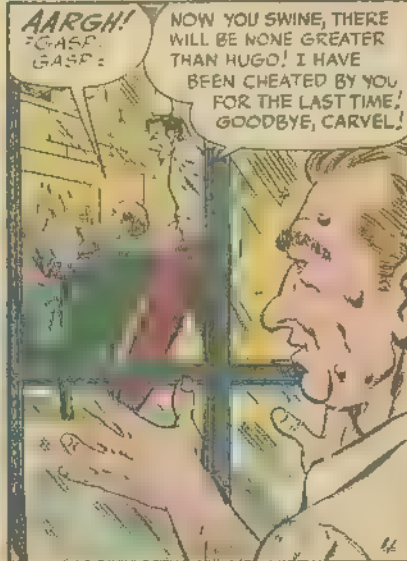
AND IN THE HOME OF CARVEL THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S RIGHT, CARVEL! STUDY WELL YOUR TRICKS OF MAGIC! YOU WILL SOON BE ABLE TO USE THEM IN THE HEREAFTER... HO HO HO!



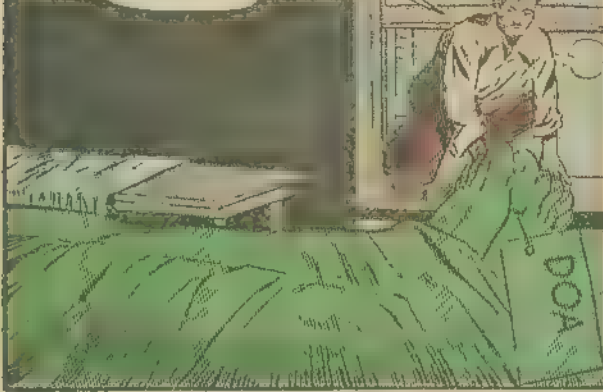
AARGH! 'GASP. 'GASP.

NOW YOU SWINE, THERE WILL BE NONE GREATER THAN HUGO! I HAVE BEEN CHEATED BY YOU, FOR THE LAST TIME! GOODBYE, CARVEL!



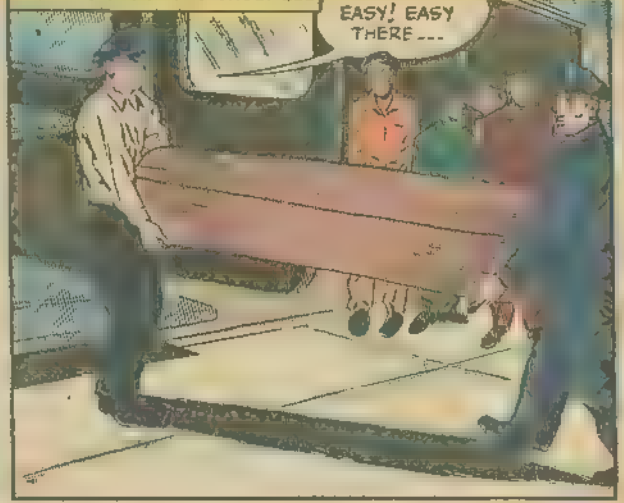
HIS WORK OF EVIL DONE, HUGO SWIFTLY RETURNS TO THE MORGUE----

PERFECT! PERFECT! IN TWO DAYS I WILL BE MASTER OF MAGIC! BUT I MUST HURRY... THE ATTENDANTS WILL BE COMING FOR MY BODY SOON...
HO HO HO!



THE NEXT MORNING THE MAGICIAN'S COFFIN IS PLACED ABOARD A MORGUE TRUCK----

EASY! EASY THERE---

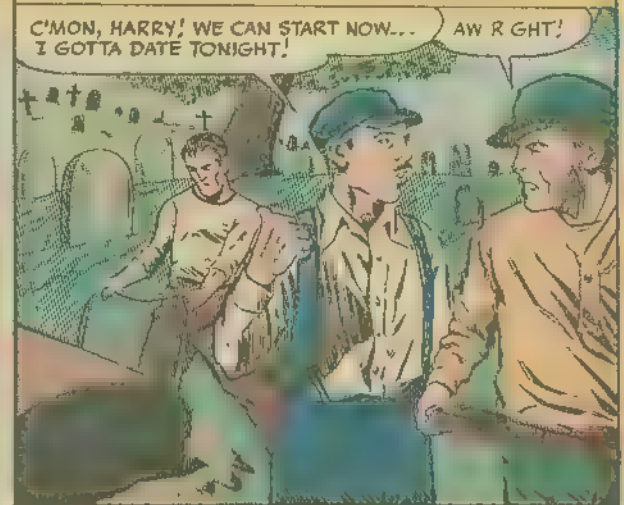


IN WHICH IT IS TAKEN TO THE CITY CEMETERY----



AND LOWERED INTO THE EARTH TO BE BURIED!

C'MON, HARRY! WE CAN START NOW... AW R GHT! I GOTTA DATE TONIGHT!



THERE IS A DEATHLY SILENCE BENEATH THE OMNIOUS GROUNDS! BUT ON THE EVENING OF THE SECOND DAY THERE IS ONE AMONG THE DEAD THAT STIRS!

W-WHA...I'M *STILL* IN THE COFFIN! BUT I CAN'T LAST LONG WITHOUT AIR! HAS PEPE FAILED ME... NO! OF COURSE! THE LITTLE ONE COULD NEVER LIFT THIS COFFIN FROM THE GRAVE!



HE HAS UNEARTHED ME AND IS AWAITING MY EXIT! H-HUH...! THE LID...IT WON'T EUDGE! IT FEELS LIKE A TON OF...OF *EARTH* WAS ATOP IT!



THEN... PEPE HAS NOT DUG THE GRAVE CLEAR! BUT THE OXYGEN WON'T LAST BUT A FEW MINUTES MORE! I'M... **BURIED ALIVE!**

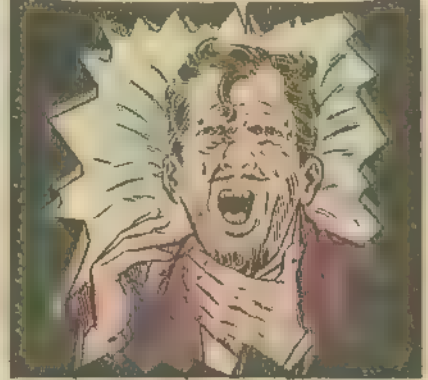


PEPE! HE MUST BE DIGGING THROUGH TO ME AT THIS MOMENT! HURRY, PEPE! **HURRY! HURRY!**



AS THE SECONDS PASS THERE'S NO SOUND... NO REPLY TO THE FRANTIC MAGICIAN'S CRIES! ONLY DEATHLY SILENCE...

PEPE!... **SOB! SOB!** I AM GROWING WEAK! THERE IS LITTLE OXYGEN LEFT! YOU... **SOB!** MUST HURRY, PEPE... **SOB! SOB!**



BUT LITTLE PEPE CANNOT HEAR HIS MASTER! FOR HE IS MANY MILES AWAY... AT SCOTLAND YARD!

NO! NO! I DID NOT KILL THE GREAT CARVEL! YOU MUST LET ME GO THIS MINUTE! PLEASE...

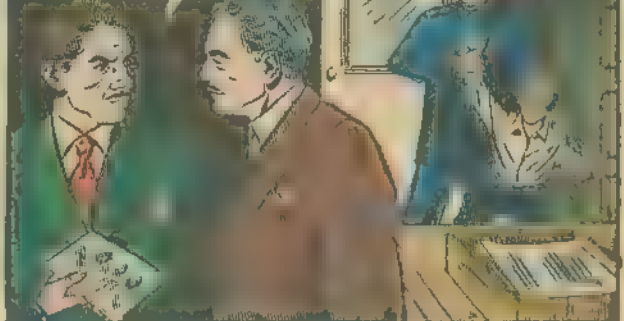
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE CHAP, CONSTABLE?

RIGHT, SIR! I CAUGHT HIM RUNNING FROM CARVEL'S HOME THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER! AND NOT 24 HOURS BEFORE THE BLIGHTER WAS HACKING A PHOTO OF CARVEL TO BITS!



IT SEEMS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE! THESE FINGERPRINTS ON CARVEL'S FRONT WINDOW MATCH THE MIDGET'S! OBVIOUSLY HE KILLED THE MAGICIAN TO AVENGE HIS JEALOUS MASTER'S DEATH!

B-BUT... HE ISN'T DEAD! MY MASTER IS **ALIVE!** HE AWAITS ME AT THIS MOMENT TO SAVE HIM... THERE IN THE GRAVEYARD! LET ME GO!



T-TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I MUST GO TO MY MASTER IN THE GRAVEYARD! HE EXPECTS ME!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, DOCTOR!

PEPE OBVIOUSLY HAD A FANATICAL DEVOTION FOR THIS HUGO PERSON! AS A RESULT HIS MIND REFUSES TO ACCEPT HIS DEATH! YOU'LL NEVER HANG HIM FOR MURDER, BURNS! HE'S MAD!



AND THAT EVENING, AS A YOUNG COUPLE PASS THE GRAVEYARD WHERE HUGO, MASTER OF HORROR, IS BURIED, THEY PAUSE! THROUGH THE OMINOUS STILLNESS A FAINT CRY IS HEARD... OR IS IT?

HELP...

P-PAUL, DEAR! DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE A CRY FOR HELP!

WHAT! YOU MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS, HONEY! EVERYONE AROUND HERE IS **STONE COLD DEAD!**



NO FORCE ON EARTH COULD STOP IT! DENYING THE CREATURE ITS VITAL GUARANTEE OF LIFE AND CONTROL... FEEDING IT MEANT ULTIMATE FULFILLMENT... SOMEWAY SCIENCE HAD TO COPE WITH--

MONSTER THAT COULDN'T KILL



GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! GET THAT MACHINE OPERATING BEFORE THE MONSTER DESTROYS OUR ENTIRE CIVILIZATION!

BUT ANOTHER ATOM FEEDING TO QUIET THE BEAST DOWN WILL ONLY MAKE IT GROW MORE! WE WERE DOOMED... IT CAN'T BE DESTROYED!

TOP ATOM SCIENTISTS ARE SUMMONED TO THE PRIVATE LABORATORY OF DR. CARLTON FRY OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON WHERE ---

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, BENTON! ROUSING US IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO COME WAY OUT HERE---HAS FRY SUCCEEDED IN SOME EXPERIMENT?

I-I HARDLY KNOW HOW TO ANSWER THAT, PROF. MARTIN! DO COME IN! SOMETHING DREADFUL HAS HAPPENED WITH ONE OF DR. FRY'S SECRET PROJECTS!



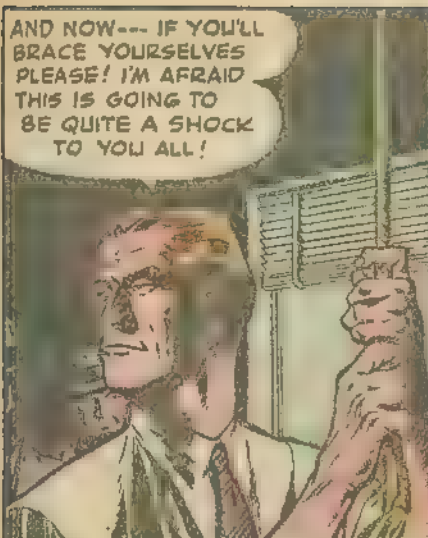
WITHIN THE LABORATORY, THE BEWILDERED SCIENTISTS ARE LED BEFORE AN OMINOUS BLACK CURTAIN ---

WE KNEW DR. FRY WAS WORKING ON SOMETHING OF THE UTMOST SECRECY BUT I HARDLY THINK ALL THIS HOKUM IS NECESSARY WITH US!

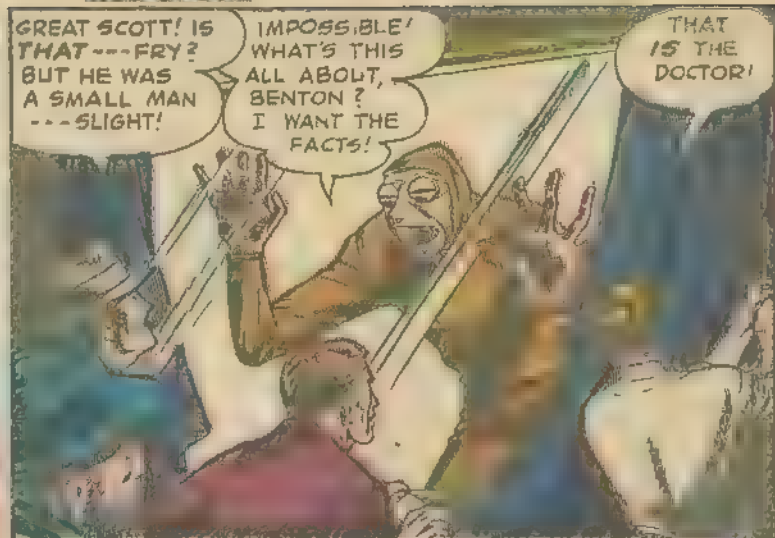
YES! WHERE IS FRY?

YOU'LL...SEE HIM IN A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN! BUT PLEASE REMEMBER --- I'M MERELY THE DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT! I CARRIED OUT HIS ORDERS!





AND NOW--- IF YOU'LL BRACE YOURSELVES PLEASE! I'M AFRAID THIS IS GOING TO BE QUITE A SHOCK TO YOU ALL!



GREAT SCOTT! IS THAT--- FRY? BUT HE WAS A SMALL MAN --- SLIGHT!

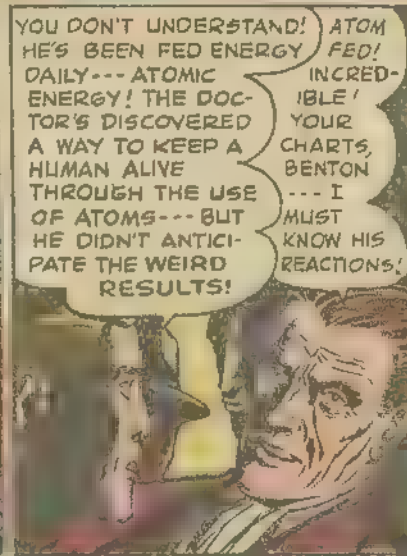
IMPOSSIBLE! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, BENTON? I WANT THE FACTS!

THAT IS THE DOCTOR!



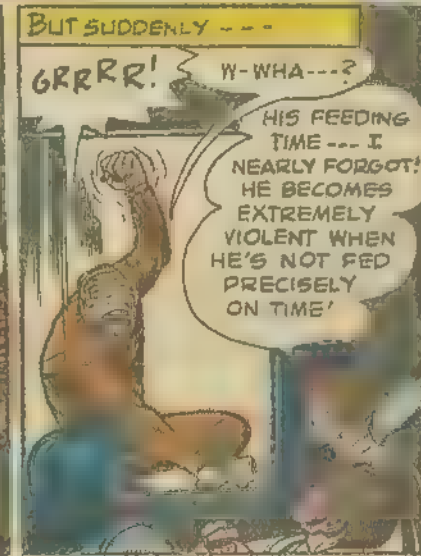
HE'S NEARLY TRIPLED IN WEIGHT--- DOUBLED IN SIZE SINCE WE FIRST BEGAN THE EXPERIMENTS 102 DAYS AGO! AND GENTLEMEN --- HE HASN'T HAD A MORSEL OF FOOD IN ALL THAT TIME!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? BUT THAT'S--- FANTASTIC!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S BEEN FED ENERGY DAILY--- ATOMIC ENERGY! THE DOCTOR'S DISCOVERED A WAY TO KEEP A HUMAN ALIVE THROUGH THE USE OF ATOMS--- BUT HE DIDN'T ANTICIPATE THE WEIRD RESULTS!

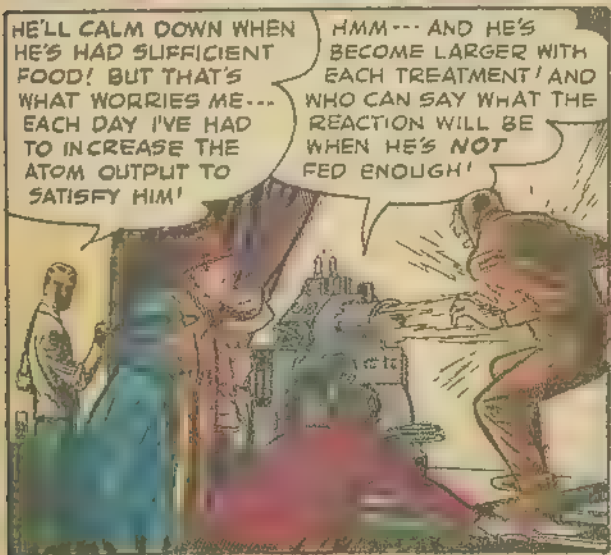
ATOM FED! INCREDIBLE! YOUR CHARTS, BENTON --- I MUST KNOW HIS REACTIONS!



BUT SUDDENLY ---

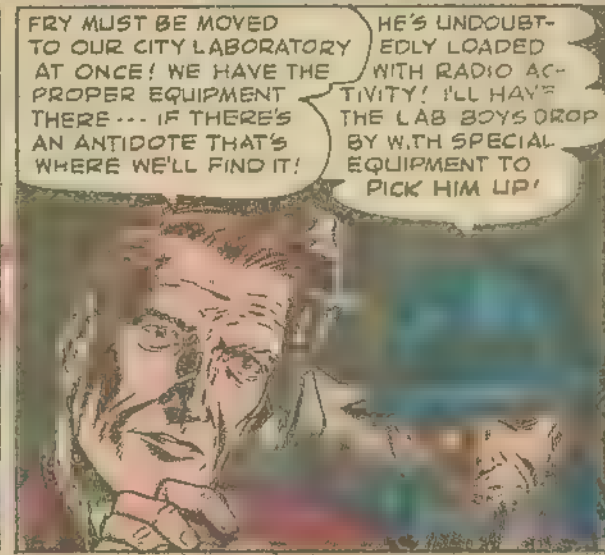
GRRRR!

W-WHA---? HIS FEEDING TIME --- I NEARLY FORGOT! HE BECOMES EXTREMELY VIOLENT WHEN HE'S NOT FED PRECISELY ON TIME!



HE'LL CALM DOWN WHEN HE'S HAD SUFFICIENT FOOD! BUT THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME--- EACH DAY I'VE HAD TO INCREASE THE ATOM OUTPUT TO SATISFY HIM!

HMM--- AND HE'S BECOME LARGER WITH EACH TREATMENT! AND WHO CAN SAY WHAT THE REACTION WILL BE WHEN HE'S NOT FED ENOUGH!



FRY MUST BE MOVED TO OUR CITY LABORATORY AT ONCE! WE HAVE THE PROPER EQUIPMENT THERE --- IF THERE'S AN ANTIDOTE THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND IT!

HE'S UNDOUBTEDLY LOADED WITH RADIO ACTIVITY! I'LL HAVE THE LAB BOYS DROP BY WITH SPECIAL EQUIPMENT TO PICK HIM UP!

LATE THAT EVENING A STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY OF DR CARLTON FRY ---

G-GOOD HEAVENS, PROFESSOR MARTIN! THAT GEIGER COUNTER YOU'RE CARRYING INDICATES FRY'S AS HOT AS A SMALL A-BOMB!

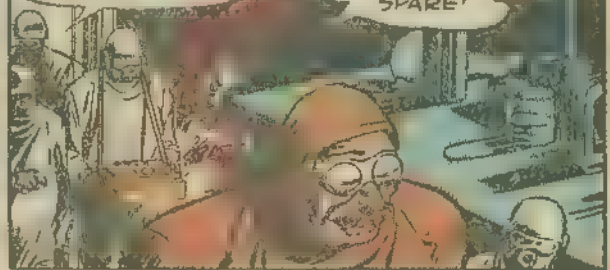
YES--- I'M AFRAID THIS IS A GRIM PROBLEM WE'RE CONFRONTED WITH, EVERS! IT MAY WELL BE DANGEROUS TO ALL MANKIND!



MOMENTS LATER, A GRIM OBSERVATION IS MADE AS THE SCIENTISTS ARRIVE AT THEIR LABORATORY ---

G-GREAT SCOTT, MARTIN! HE'S GROWN ANOTHER SEVERAL INCHES SINCE WE LEFT THE PLACE! EACH TIME THE ATOMS HAVE A GREATER EFFECT!

I- I KNOW, EVERS... THE RESULT OF HIS LAST FEEDING! IT'S EVEN INCREASED THE RADIO ACTIVITY! WE MUST WORK FAST--- THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE!



THROUGH THE EARLY MORNING THE SCIENTISTS WORK TO COMPILE DATA ON THE STRANGE, ATOM FIGURE ---

HURRY, MARTIN, THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN HE'LL COME TO!

I KNOW--- AND HIS FEEDING TIME WILL BE DUE AGAIN SHORTLY! WE'VE GOT TO SEND THESE FIGURES OVER TO "MANIAC" AND GET ITS REPLY BEFORE THAT HAPPENS!



SOON AFTER, THE IMPORTANT INFORMATION IS FED TO "MANIAC" THE MECHANICAL BRAIN CAPABLE OF SOLVING THE MOST DIFFICULT OF SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS IN A MATTER OF HOURS!

THIS IS A REAL TOUGH ONE! DO YOU THINK SHE'S UP TO IT?

SURE! THIS BABY HASN'T LET US DOWN YET!



THREE HOURS AND FIFTY-TWO MINUTES LATER "MANIAC" GRINDS TO A STOP WITH ITS ANSWER AND ---

W-WOW! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, ED?

WE'D BETTER RUSH IT OVER TO THE LAB ON THE DOUBLE! EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!



WHEN THE INFORMATION IS RECEIVED BY PROFESSOR MARTIN ---

GENTLEMEN --- THE SITUATION IS GRAVE! "MANIAC" INFORMS US THAT EACH FEEDING OF ATOM ENERGY WILL FROM NOW ON DOUBLE THE CREATURE'S SIZE! IT COULD BECOME BIGGER THAN THE EARTH ITSELF!

B-BUT IF WE DISCONTINUE FEEDINGS--- IT WILL TEAR THE CITY APART IN RAGE!



THEN... T'S INDESTRUCTIBLE! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

WE'VE GOT TO SHIP IT OUT OF TOWN BEFORE ANOTHER FEEDING IS NECESSARY! LET'S SEE--- ARMY INFORMED ME THERE WAS A SUPPLY TRAIN LEAVING IN TWO HOURS FOR THE ARIZONA PROVING GROUNDS! THAT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!

AND AT THE FREIGHT YARD LATER THAT EVENING ---

THESE NOTES OF DR. FRY'S, BENTON... THEY CONSTANTLY REFER TO T-34!

THAT'S THE NAME HE GAVE THE PROJECT, PROFESSOR! THE POOR DOCTOR --- THIS IS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!

THE FREIGHT ROARS WESTWARD WITH ITS DEADLY CARGO! BUT THEN, OUTSIDE OF A SMALL KANSAS TOWN ---

SHE'S WASHED OUT, PROFESSOR! WE CAN'T MOVE FOR HOURS!

W-WHAT! BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY DELAY--- SOON IT'LL HAVE TO BE FED AGAIN!

STEADY, BENTON! PERHAPS WE CAN ALL MAKE THE ATOMIC PROVING GROUNDS IN ARIZONA IN TIME! LET'S HOPE SO!

ONCE AGAIN THE FREIGHT MOVES IN ITS RACE AGAINST TIME! FINALLY---

HURRY --- WE'VE GOT TO GET IT INTO A CONCRETE BUNKER BEFORE IT IS HUNGRY AGAIN!

PROFESSOR... LISTEN! WE'RE... TOO LATE!

VARROOOOW!

THEN, ON THE HEELS OF THE SPINE CHILLING ROAR OF THE "ATOM BEAST"---

GRRROW!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S GONE MAD--- WE MUST FEED IT!

I-I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, BENTON! MEN! BRING OUT THAT ATOM FEEDING MACHINE!

IT'S... SMASHED IN THAT TANK WITH ITS BARE FIST!

T-THAT'S DOING THE JOB, PROFESSOR! IT--- KNOWS WE'RE TRYING TO FEED IT!

I HATE TO GIVE THE MONSTER TOO MUCH--- WE'LL HAVE TO COPE WITH A BIGGER GIANT NEXT TIME!

THE FANTASTIC CREATURE DRINKS IN THE ATOM ENERGY! THEN ---

W-WHAT'S HAPPENED? HAS--- IT DIED?

HARDLY! THE TREMENDOUS RADIO ACTIVITY STUNNED IT! MEN--- WE'VE GOT TO MOVE QUICKLY!

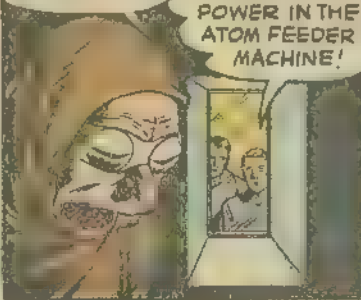
GET IT IN THAT OBSERVATION BUNKER FAST! IT'S STILL GROWING LARGER!

BENTON, THAT CREATURE'S NOT DOCTOR FRY ANY LONGER! IT'S LOST IT'S MIND, IT'S SOUL! IT'S JUST T-34!



YES, PROFESSOR MARTIN DR FRY'S GIVEN UP HIMSELF FOR THIS GRISLY EXPERIMENT! LOOK! IT'S STARTING TO GROW AGAIN ALREADY--

YES, BUT THAT BUNKER IS TWELVE FEET THICK! NO LIVING THING COULD BREAK THROUGH THAT! WE'LL HAVE TIME TO DOUBLE THE POWER IN THE ATOM FEEDER MACHINE!



NEXT DAY, AS THE SCIENTISTS LABOR OVER THEIR TERRIBLE PROBLEM ---

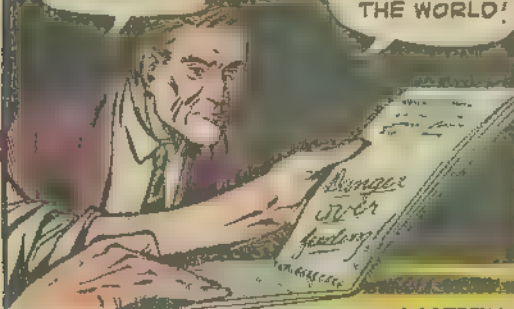
IN TWO OR THREE DAYS WE'LL HAVE THE FEEDER CHARGED UP WITH A LOAD STRONG ENOUGH TO SUBDUDE HIS INCREASE IN HUNGER!

YES, BUT WHAT THEN? HOW CAN WE GO ON DOUBLING THE FEED POWER WHILE T-34 GROWS LARGER AND LARGER? W-WHERE WILL IT END?



I'VE POURED OVER HIS NOTE BOOK A HUNDRED TIMES SEEKING SOME CLUE TO END THIS TERRIBLE EXPERIMENT! SOME WAY TO STOP THE THING! THESE WORDS, DANGER --- OVERFEEDING, OCCUR TIME AND AGAIN --- BUT WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW, BENTON! BUT WE HAVE NO CHOICE!... WE MUST DESTROY IT FOR THE SAFETY OF THE WORLD!



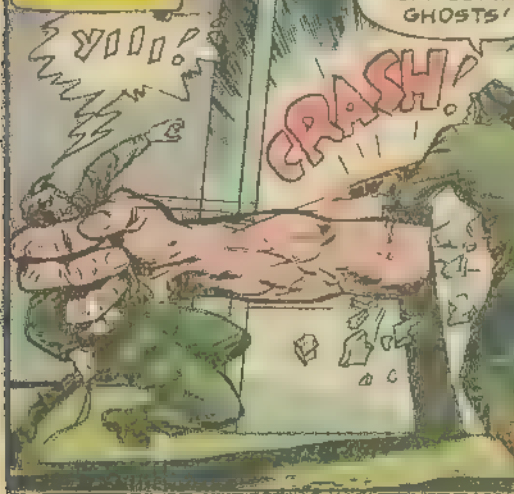
MEANWHILE, A MILE AWAY AT THE BUNKER ---

SUFFERING COW! THE THING INSIDE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

YEAH! NEVER HEARD SUCH UNEARTHLY CRIES BEFORE! IT'S SURE GETTING HUNGRY!



SUDDENLY...



G-GREAT GALLOPING GHOSTS!

GREAT HANNAH! GET THAT ATOM FEEDER OVER HERE FAST! T-THE BUNKER WALL'S CRACKING! THE MONSTER'S GONE MAD!



PANIC SEIZES THE TEST GROUNDS AS ---

I-INCREIBLE!
THAT BUNKER'S
SOLID CONCRETE
AND STEEL!

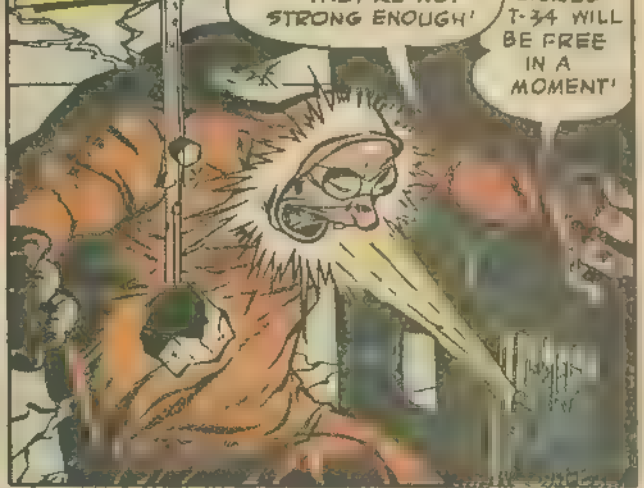
I ONLY PRAY THE
LIMITED POWER WE'VE
GOT IN THE ATOM
FEEDER WILL QUIET
IT DOWN ENOUGH
TO BE CONTROLLED!



THEN---

T-THE FEED RAYS
--- THEY'RE NOT
STRONG ENOUGH!

W-WE'RE
LICKED!
T-34 WILL
BE FREE
IN A
MOMENT!



ABRUPTLY THE MASSIVE BUNKER SHATTERS AND THE
ATOM-FED MONSTER BREAKS FREE!



T-THE TIME'S
COME, BENTON!
WE'VE GOT TO
KILL THE
BEAST!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
WE WAITED
TOO LONG!

BUT AS MILITARY MIGHT IS TURNED
AGAINST THE CREATURE ---



G-GOOD GOSH!
T-THE SHELLS
AREN'T DENTING
HIM!

BOMBS! WE
NEED BOMBS
FROM OUR
DIVE
BOMBERS!

THE LOATHESOME ARMS OF T-34
REACH OUT ---

T-THE TEST
ROCKET!
SUFFERING
HADES! HE'S
TIPPING IT
OVER!



BENTON! LOOK! THE
ROCKET FLAME ---
IT DOESN'T EVEN
SEAR THE MONSTER!
HE'S --- HE'S
INDESTRUCTIBLE!



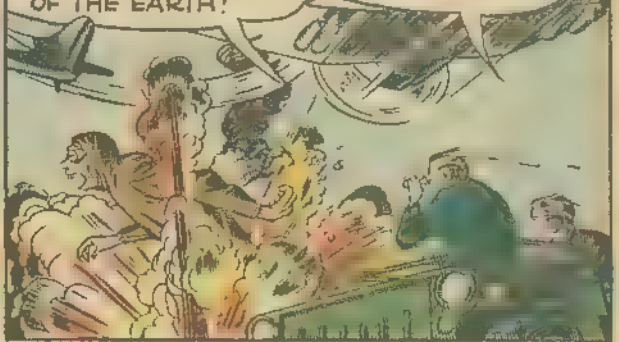
THE GREAT THING BORN OF ATOMS LUMBERS INTO THE DESERT! AND IN ITS GROTESQUE SHADOW THE DIVE BOMBERS TAKE OFF ---



BUT AS DEATH SEEKS OUT THE BEAST ON THE DESERT ---

HE'S UNAFFECTED BY THE BOMBS! GOOD HEAVENS! WE'VE UNLEASHED A LIVING HELL UPON THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

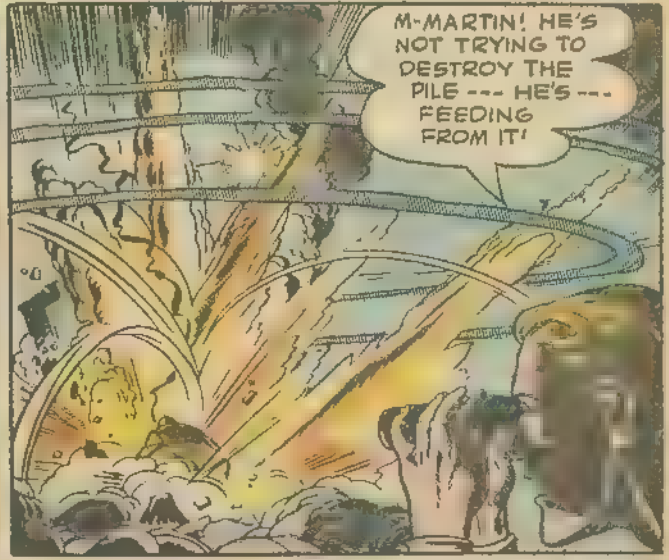
H-HE'S MAKING FOR THE ATOMIC PILES! GOOD GRIEF! WHAT CAN IT WANT THERE?



THEN, AS T-34 REACHES ITS DESTINATION ---



M-MARTIN! HE'S NOT TRYING TO DESTROY THE PILE --- HE'S --- FEEDING FROM IT!



FOR LONG MINUTES THE RADIATION BEATS AT THE MONSTER! SUDDENLY ---



WHA---? GREAT SCOTT!

AFTERWARD ---

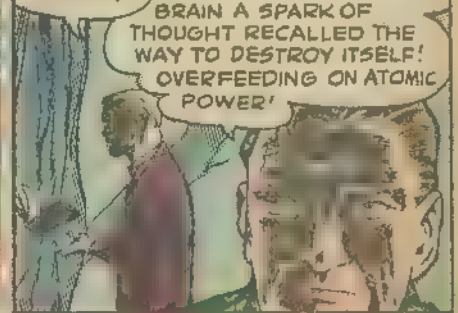
DUST! HE'S DISINTERGRATED INTO DUST! B-BUT HOW?

MARTIN! FRY'S NOTE BOOK! REMEMBER--- THE REFERENCE ON "DANGER -- OVERFEEDING"!



HIS NOTES HAD BETTER GO WITH HIM! I NEVER WANT TO THINK OF THIS TERRIBLE THING AGAIN! NEVER!

YES BENTON! THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT EVEN GREAT SCIENTIFIC MINDS ARE NOT PREPARED TO COPE WITH---YET! THANK HEAVENS THAT IN THE DARK RECESSES OF WHAT WAS ONCE DR. FRY'S BRAIN A SPARK OF THOUGHT RECALLED THE WAY TO DESTROY ITSELF! OVERFEEDING ON ATOMIC POWER!



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Tukari VENGEANCE

TOM CASEY awoke suddenly on the deck of the sloop to see Lyle scrambling over the side. He was in his swimming trunks and he carried something in his hand. Tom nudged Bart Neff, who was sprawled nearby, snoring peacefully. Bart came awake with a start. "What the . . ." he began. By then, Lyle was at their sides, dripping wet. Tom noticed that whatever he had held clutched in his hand as he came over the side, was now out of sight.

"You guys can go back to sleep," Lyle panted. "I just took a midnight dip." Tom sat up. "Are you sure that's all you were up to, pal? I noticed you came aboard carrying something. What was it?" At this, Bart awoke fully. "Don't tell us you invaded the native's sacred cave," he snapped. "They warned us not to come ashore at night."

"Lyle gestured contemptuously and then slowly drew a dagger from the beltline of his trunks. The sloop swung with the tide so the moon suddenly fell on the weapon and it seemed to come alive in the flash of jewels that encrusted the hilt. There was a sharp intake of breath, then Lyle spoke. "You guys can't blame me for making an excursion ashore. This little gimmick is worth a fortune. It's the famous Tukari sacrificial dagger. It's centuries old and will bring a mint from the collectors back in the states." Tom and Bart seemed unable to speak, then Bart burst out, "You idiot! The sacred dagger of the Tukaris carries a curse. It will mean trouble, real trouble, for all of us." Tom interrupted, "We came out here just to cruise around and see some sights, Lyle. If I'd known you were going to pull anything like this, I'd never have agreed to stop here. So far the natives have been friendly, but you've committed more than a theft against the Tukaris. It's a sacrilege."

Lyle was laughing openly by the time Tom finished his speech. "I'm not going to worry about it and neither will you when you get one third of the cash this thing will bring," and he waved the dagger at them. "After all, what's the use of this south sea trek if we can't put a few kicks in it. Now if you'll just settle down for a few hours shut-eye, we can weigh anchor in the morning, wave goodbye to the natives, and sail off without arousing any suspicion." He sprawled out on the deck, carefully placing the dagger under a nearby tarpaulin. "Anyway," he continued, "they probably won't miss it for days. It's only used in special ceremonies and there wasn't a guard in sight when I went to the cave. Now quit worrying and let's get some sleep."

"I hope you know what you're talking about," said Tom slowly. "Okay, okay," cut in Bart, "let's conk off. We've got a three day sail back to port ahead of us." They drifted off to sleep with the soft sway of the sloop.

Tom Casey sat bolt upright. This time he awoke

in a cold sweat. He didn't see anything but his companions snoring peacefully nearby, yet he sensed danger in the breeze suddenly turned cold. Then he saw them, great shadows moving slowly, silently, over the side. He was paralyzed with fear and when he tried to warn the others, his voice came out in a barely audible squeak. It was enough to arouse Bart. He sat up, stretching and yawning. "Is it time to get moving? I—" He saw them too, closing in. Their faces were hideous masks of death, and their bodies were smeared with a grayish grease that gave off a wicked stench. It must have been the stench that finally woke Lyle. He was groggy and the first thing he did was to reach under the tarpaulin for the sacred dagger. As he did, his hand was caught in a viselike grip. He looked up and screamed. It was a strange sound to come from a man and it held all the terror felt by the other men, only they were powerless to express it.

Lyle disappeared into a circle that moved to the side of the sloop, while two death's heads knelt down in front of Bart and Tom holding out a gourd to each of the frightened men. They choked down the bitter liquid and then watched the death's heads back away from them and slip over the side into the water. Tom started to follow but a paralysis came over him. "I can't m-move," he gasped. Bart stared straight ahead and answered calmly, "Neither can I. We've either been drugged or poisoned, and it won't be long before we know." "I wonder what they'll do to Lyle," said Tom. "You don't think they'll—" Bart cut in, "I don't want to think about it, Tom. Lyle committed the highest crime as far as the Tukaris are concerned. I just don't want to think about—" his voice trailed off as his eyes closed.

Tom and Bart came out of it simultaneously as the early light broke over the east. Lyle was sprawled out in his usual spot and for a moment the same thought struck them both. "Maybe it was really just a nightmare," said Tom. But a faint stench lingered in the air over Lyle and they recalled the night more vividly.

They both had trouble moving, it was slow and laborious. The drug must have been powerful. Bart tapped Lyle on the back. He didn't move. Then Bart turned him over. His eyes were wide open and his face was contorted in horror. Tom let out a curse. "They've murdered him," he snarled. "We'll bring the authorities into this death hole and—" "Quiet down, Tom," said Bart. "Lyle may have been murdered, but not by any of the conventional methods." He looked towards the peaceful island, basking in the early morning sun.

"Lyle died of heart failure. The Tukaris have been avenged." He looked down at Lyle. "And what a horrible vengeance they must have taken."

THE FACE FROM HELL

JUNE! EVEN YOU ARE AGAINST ME!
WHAT'S WRONG? I HAVEN'T
CHANGED! I'M STILL THE SAME
MAN YOU LOVE!

UGH! YOU UGLY
BEAST!
KEEP AWAY!

HE CAME OUT OF THE NIGHT... A THING OF DARK, FORBIDDING EVIL! HE WAS INVINCIBLE...
IMMUNE TO MAN'S MOST DEADLY WEAPONS! BUT THERE WAS ONE WEAK LINK... A LINK
ARTHUR WELLS MUST BREAK IF HE WAS TO BE SAVED FROM DOOM!

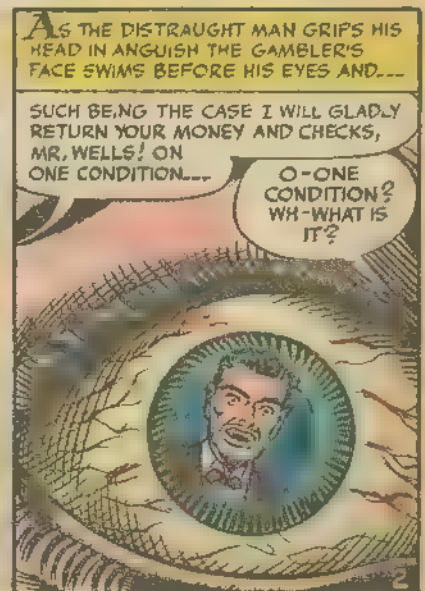
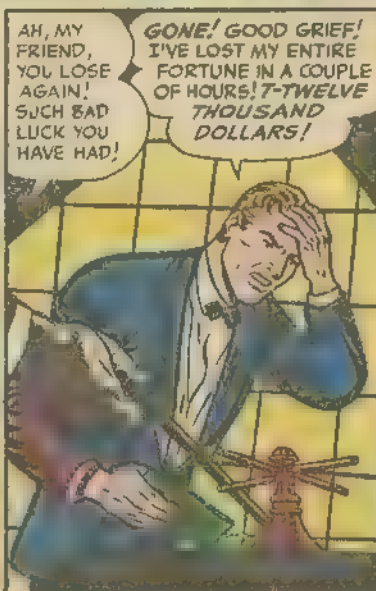
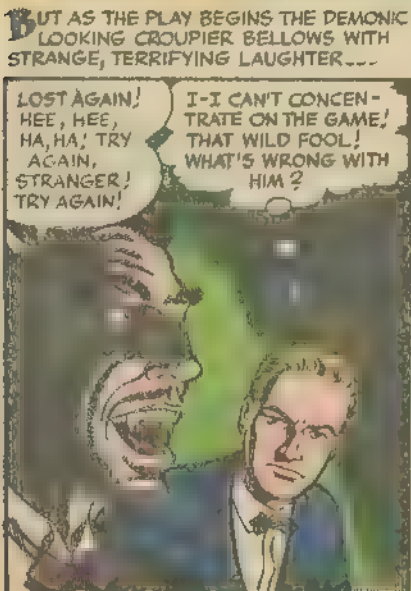
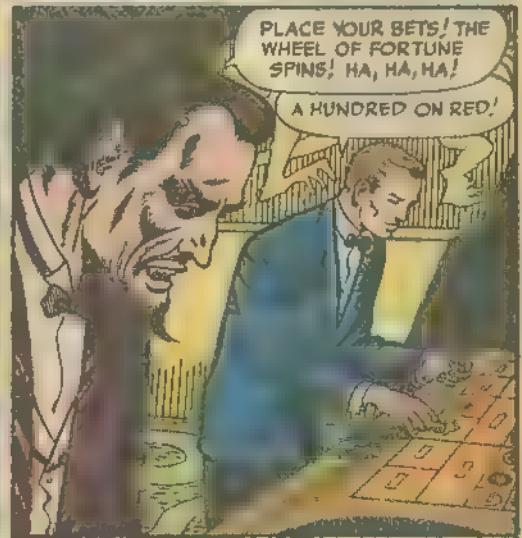
ON THE FLORIDA COAST POPULAR YOUNG PLAYBOY, ARTHUR
WELLS, BRINGS HIS GIRL FRIEND HOME...

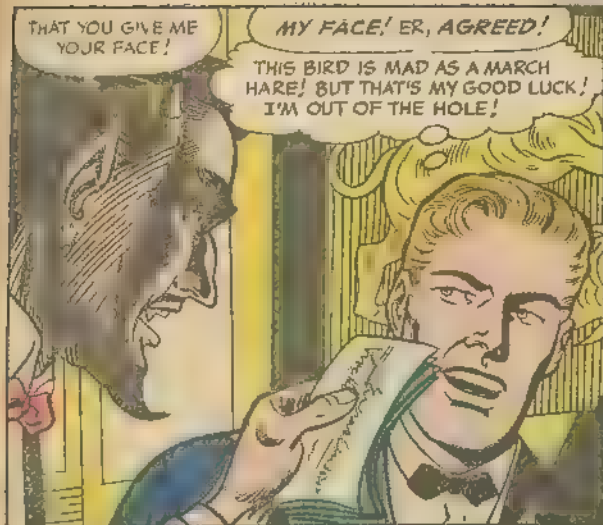
ARTHUR, PLEASE TRY TO STRAIGHTEN
OUT! FOR MONTHS NOW YOU'VE
BEEN GAMBLING AWAY YOUR MONEY
AND MAKING A FOOL OUT OF
YOURSELF!

OH, CUT IT
WILL YOU, JUNE! IT'S
MY MONEY THAT I'M
SPENDING AND I'M
SICK OF BEING
HARPED AT! GOOD
NIGHT!

YEAH, MY MONEY... WHAT LITTLE IS LEFT OF IT!
WELL, MY LUCK WILL CHANGE! I'LL START
WINNING ONE OF THESE DAYS! BUT IT
BETTER BE QUICK!

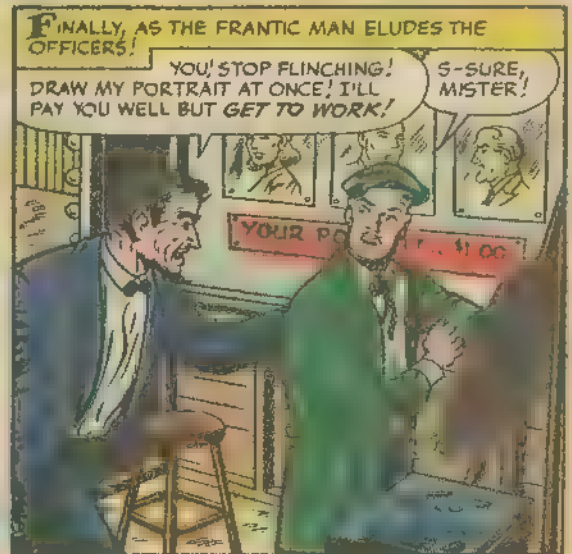
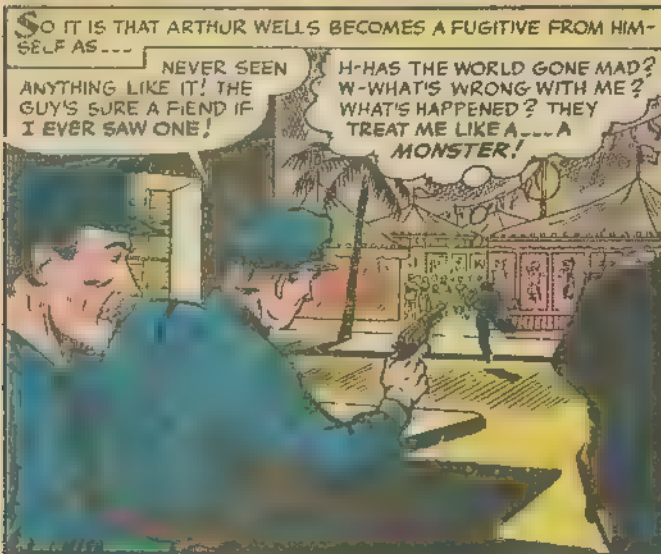
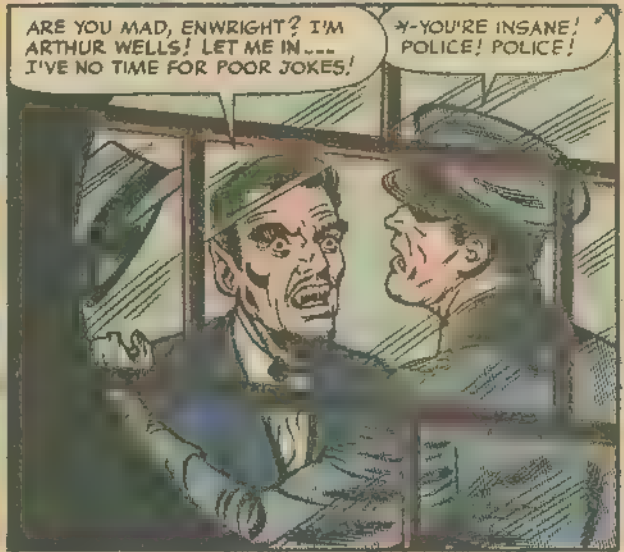






SUDDENLY
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DESPERATE
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TEARS
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AND
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THE
CLIFF...



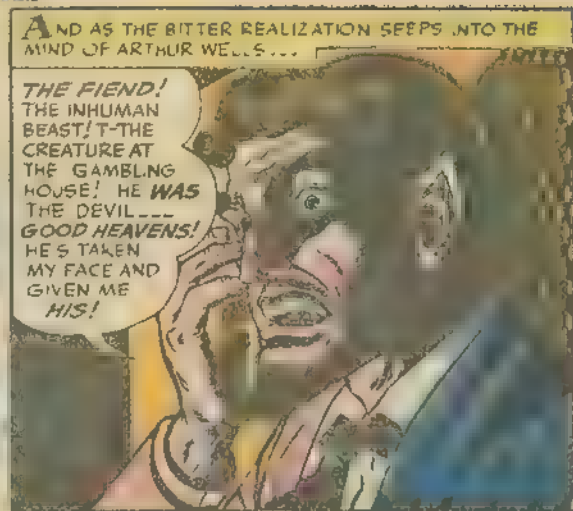




THEN AS THE EVIL DRAWING IS DONE

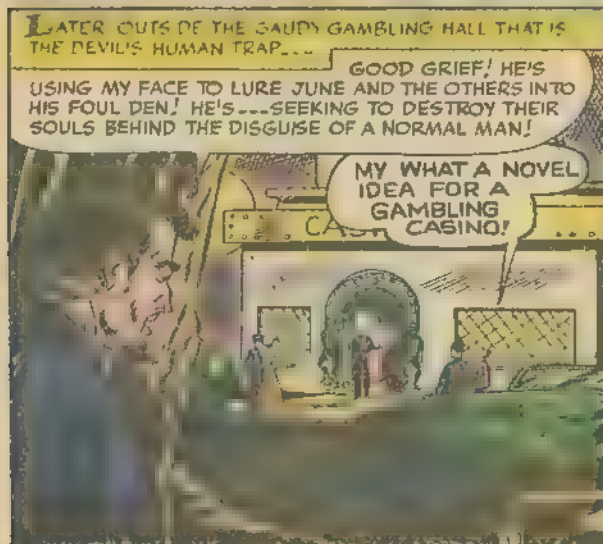
THIS! THIS IS WHAT YOU SAW? THIS IS ME?

PLEASE...PLEASE MISTER! DON'T BOTHER TO PAY ME, I I JUST REW YOUR FACE LIKE YOU DEMANDED!



AND AS THE BITTER REALIZATION SEEPS INTO THE MIND OF ARTHUR WELLS...

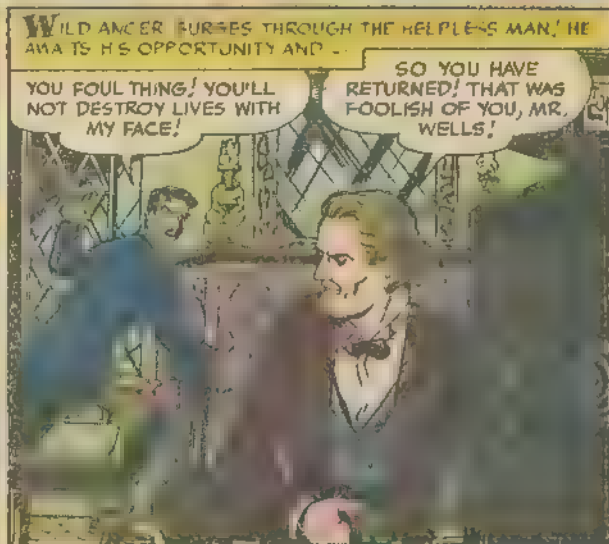
THE FIEND! THE INHUMAN BEAST! THE CREATURE AT THE GAMBLING HOUSE! HE WAS THE DEVIL... GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S TAKEN MY FACE AND GIVEN ME HIS!



LATER OUTS OF THE SAUDY GAMBLING HALL THAT IS THE DEVIL'S HUMAN TRAP...

GOOD GRIEF! HE'S USING MY FACE TO LURE JUNE AND THE OTHERS INTO HIS FOUL DEN! HE'S...SEEKING TO DESTROY THEIR SOULS BEHIND THE DISGUISE OF A NORMAL MAN!

MY WHAT A NOVEL IDEA FOR A GAMBLING CASINO!



WILD ANGER BURNS THROUGH THE HELPLESS MAN, HE AWAKENS HIS OPPORTUNITY AND...

YOU FOUL THING! YOU'LL NOT DESTROY LIVES WITH MY FACE!

SO YOU HAVE RETURNED! THAT WAS FOOLISH OF YOU, MR. WELLS!

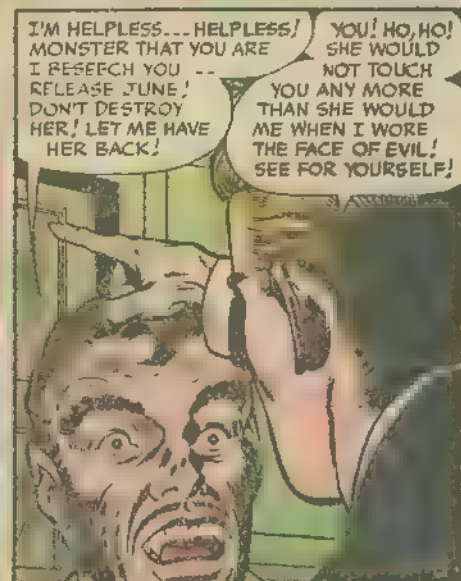


I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL TAKE MY FACE BACK BY FORCE!

HA, HA, HO, HO!

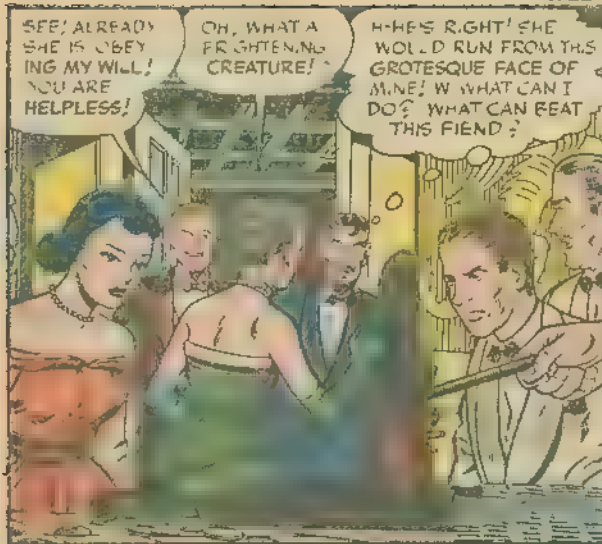


IT IS USELESS MY FRIEND! YOU CANNOT HARM WHAT DOES NOT EXIST IN PHYSICAL FORM! ONLY MY HIDEOUS FACE REVEALED THE EVIL IN ME! AND NOW... YOU HAVE IT! HA, HA, HA!



I'M HELPLESS... HELPLESS! MONSTER THAT YOU ARE I BESECH YOU -- RELEASE JUNE! DON'T DESTROY HER! LET ME HAVE HER BACK!

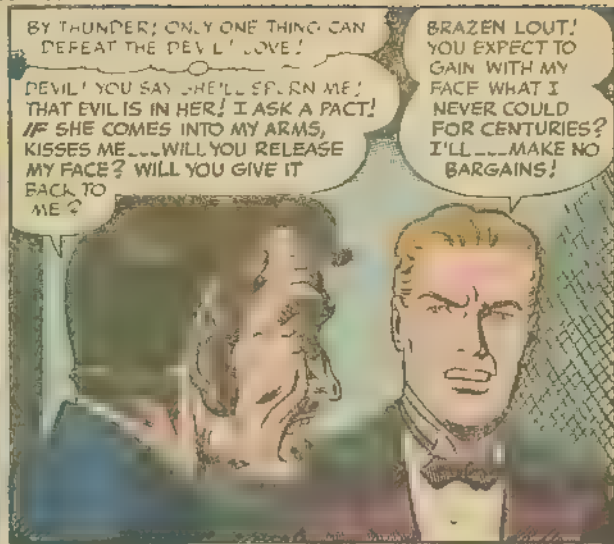
YOU! HO, HO! SHE WOULD NOT TOUCH YOU ANY MORE THAN SHE WOULD ME WHEN I WORE THE FACE OF EVIL! SEE FOR YOURSELF!



SEE! ALREADY SHE IS OBEYING MY WILL! YOU ARE HELPLESS!

OH, WHAT A FRIGHTENING CREATURE!

H-H-E'S RIGHT! SHE WOULD RUN FROM THE GROTESQUE FACE OF MINE! WHAT CAN I DO? WHAT CAN BEAT THIS FIEND?



BY THUNDER! ONLY ONE THING CAN DEFEAT THE DEVIL! LOVE!

DEVIL! YOU SAY SHE'LL SPURN ME! THAT EVIL IS IN HER! I ASK A PACT! IF SHE COMES INTO MY ARMS, KISSES ME... WILL YOU RELEASE MY FACE? WILL YOU GIVE IT BACK TO ME?

BRAZEN LOU! YOU EXPECT TO GAIN WITH MY FACE WHAT I NEVER COULD FOR CENTURIES? I'LL... MAKE NO BARGAINS!



THAT'S IT! LOVE WOULD DESTROY HIM! I MUST SUCCEED! I MUST!

JUNE! JUNE, LISTEN TO ME!

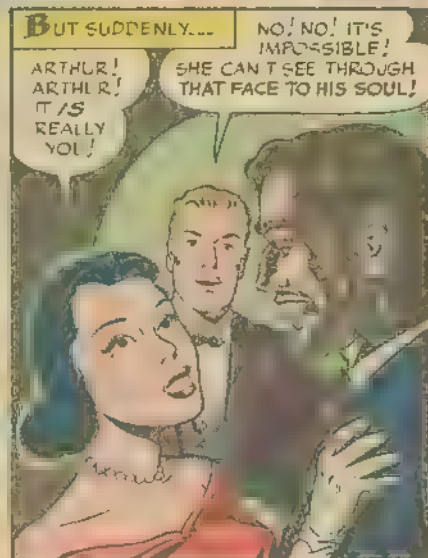
OH!



JUNE, DARLING! I'M ARTHUR, BELIEVE ME I AM! MY TWISTED LOVE FOR GAMBLING WEAKENED MY WILL! IT MADE ME VULNERABLE TO THE DEVIL---

Y-YOU TERRIBLE THING! GET BACK! Y-YOU'RE CRAZY!

HA, HA, HA!

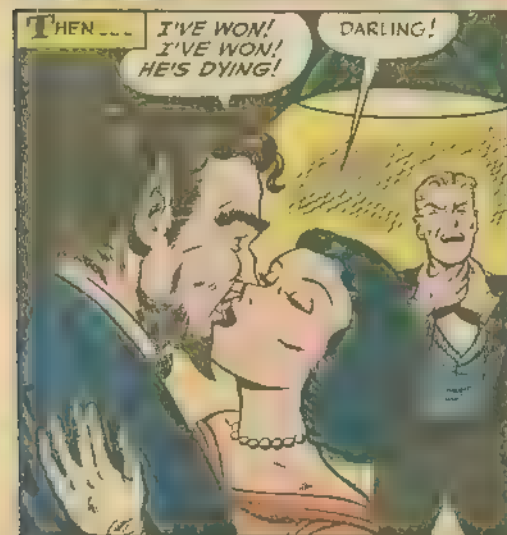


BUT SUDDENLY...

NO! NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

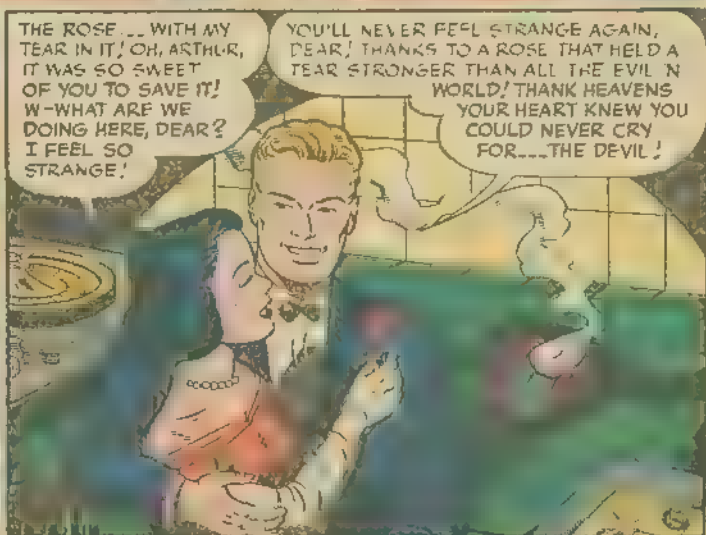
ARTHUR! ARTHUR! IT IS REALLY YOU!

SHE CAN'T SEE THROUGH THAT FACE TO HIS SOUL!



THEN... I'VE WON! I'VE WON! HE'S DYING!

DARLING!



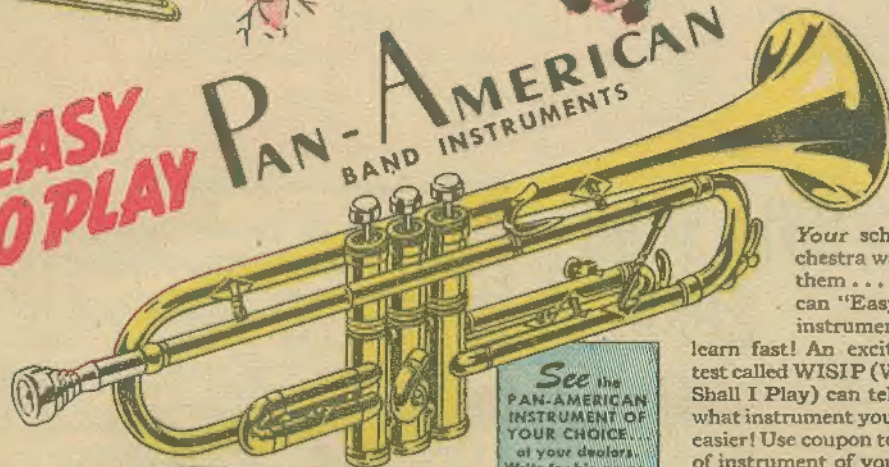
THE ROSE... WITH MY TEAR IN IT! OH, ARTHUR, IT WAS SO SWEET OF YOU TO SAVE IT! W-WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, DEAR? I FEEL SO STRANGE!

YOU'LL NEVER FEEL STRANGE AGAIN, DEAR! THANKS TO A ROSE THAT HELD A TEAR STRONGER THAN ALL THE EVIL IN WORLD! THANK HEAVENS YOUR HEART KNEW YOU COULD NEVER CRY FOR... THE DEVIL!

**EASY
TO PLAY**

PAN-AMERICAN
BAND INSTRUMENTS

**TO HELP
YOU GET
IN YOUR
SCHOOL
BAND!**



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Your school band or orchestra wants you to join them... and Pan-American "Easy to Play" band instruments can help you learn fast! An exciting "Musiquiz" test called WISIP (What Instrument Shall I Play) can tell you, for sure, what instrument you can learn faster, easier! Use coupon to get free picture of instrument of your choice... also your copy of WISIP "Musiquiz."

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CLARINET FLUTE
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- ☐ Send FREE picture of _____
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NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

CO. _____

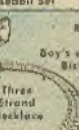
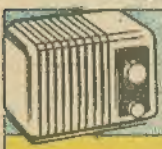
STATE _____

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!
The World Is On FIRE

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These

Prizes!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as rifles, jewelry, basketballs, silverware, home appliances, watches... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value only 35c sell on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling just ONE SET of 24 Mottos. Big Prize catalog sent FREE! Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want!



**HERE'S HOW
YOU GET YOUR PRIZES**

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$8.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry—send today for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.

The FUN man, Dept. Y-136, FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG
4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in big Price Catalog. PRINT BELOW.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET or RFD _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Save 1 cent off in, posting and mailing this coupon on a 2c Post Card today.

SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You

MEN! WOMEN! take orders for famous NYLONS GUARANTEED 9 MOS.

ONLY YOUR
SPARE
TIME
NEEDED

Look At These Exceptional FIRST WEEK SPARE TIME EARNINGS

Space permits mentioning only these few exceptional cases, but they give you an idea of the BIG MONEY that is possible in just spare time starting the very first week.

Mr. Richard Peters, Penna.
\$63.94 first week spare time
Mrs. Virgil Hickman, Tenn.
\$74.97 first week spare time
Mr. Henry O'Rourke, Vermont
\$58.89 first week spare time
Mrs. J. A. Sievers, Fla.
\$85.14 first week spare time
Mr. Anthony Avilla, Wash.
\$135.00 first week spare time
Mrs. Agnes Michaels, Ind.
\$54.18 first week spare time
Mr. Russell P. Hart, New York
\$51.30 first week spare time

Mrs. W. B. Foss, S. Dak.
\$60.47 first week spare time
Mr. A. E. Lewison, Ga.
\$52.26 first week spare time
Mrs. Emery Shoots, Wyo.
\$48.69 first week spare time
Mr. J. Hillman Jr., Ohio
\$49.72 first week spare time
Mrs. John Gorman, Conn.
\$71.54 first week spare time
Mr. W. Riley, Ill.
\$72.72 first week spare time
Miss Frances Freeman, Texas
\$62.73 first week spare time

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE
CANVASSING REQUIRED

Our unusual plan is a sure-fire money maker! Sensational Guarantee is creating a tremendous demand for Wil-knit Nylons! Mrs. Nellie Gail of Iowa started out with me and made \$48.89 the very first week in just her spare hours. Mrs. Agnes McCall, of South Carolina, did even better. Her spare time in her very first week brought her earnings of \$95.56. Mrs. Walter Simmons of New York turned her spare time into earnings of \$92.82 her first week out. THESE EXCEPTIONAL EARNINGS FOR JUST SPARE TIME and in the very first week give you an idea of the possibilities!

GUARANTEED AGAINST Runs, Wear and Even Snags!

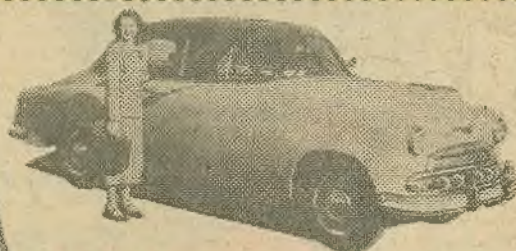
Why is it so easy for Wil-knit Salespeople to get orders? I'll tell you — It's because we stand back of Wil-knit Nylons with the most amazing guarantee you have ever heard of. Your customers can wear out their hose. They can develop runs. They can even snag them. No matter what happens to make Wil-knit Nylons unwearable... within 9 months, depending on quantity... we replace them free of charge under terms of our guarantee. No wonder women are anxious to buy Wil-knit! And no wonder it is easy to quickly build up a fine and STEADY year around income. Earnings start immediately. Look at these exceptional figures—Lillian A. Bronson of Georgia made \$80.60 first week spare time. Ethel Cameron of Michigan, \$64.14. Sabine Fisher, New York, reports earnings of \$70.10 under our unusual plan just for spare time in her first week. Mrs. Edward Leo of Minn., in writing to thank us for the new Plymouth she received, also reports: "I actually earned \$12.00 in twenty minutes by the clock. I actually couldn't believe I earned that much until I re-checked my figures."

SEND NO MONEY! JUST NAME AND HOSE SIZE

SIMPLY MAIL COUPON. When you send for Selling Outfit, I also send your choice of Nylons or Socks for your personal use. Just rush your name for the facts about the most sensational line of hosiery for men, women and children ever offered. Your friends and neighbors will admire you and this unusual selection of most beautiful hosiery! Just mail coupon or postal card now, and learn at once how you, too, can earn big money in FULL or SPARE TIME and qualify for an EXTRA BONUS and a New Car over and above your cash earnings.

L. Lowell Wilkin

WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc., A-6239 Midway, Greenfield, Ohio



A CAR IN 4 MONTHS—AND UP TO \$20 IN A HALF DAY

"I cannot express my thrill upon receiving this beautiful new Chevrolet. I was a bit doubtful at first but now it is a reality and I thank you for making it so. I have earned this car in just four short months and I'm sure others can do the same. Thank you for making it possible for me to earn more money than ever before. I have earned as much as twenty dollars for one half day and my bonus alone for one month was \$125.00." — Mrs. E. A. Conway.

NEW CAR GIVEN—OR IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A CAR YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE ON OUR "TRADE-IN" PLAN

WIL-KNIT actually gives new Fords, Plymouths or Chevrolets to producers as a bonus in addition to your regular earnings. It is yours. Or if you now have a car, you can get a new one even quicker under our "trade-in" plan without paying a penny. Get the facts TODAY.

L. Lowell Wilkin, WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc. Be Sure to Send
A-6239 Midway, GREENFIELD, OHIO Hose Size

Please rush all facts about your guaranteed hosiery money-making plan and NEW CAR offer. Everything you send me now is FREE.

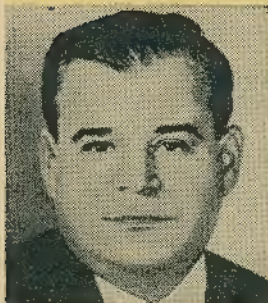
MY HOSE SIZE IS _____ MY AGE IS _____ YEARS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

\$15.20 an hour!



WILLIAM F. WYDALLIS

"Most specialty salesmen are always on the lookout for a 'natural.' The 'natural' of this decade is the PRESTO FIRE EXTINGUISHER... because it is handy in size, simple to operate, and in the right price range.

"For every hour I have devoted to the Presto, I find that I have earned an average of \$15.20 an hour. I am now convinced that extraordinary money can be made in this safety field. I am devoting more of my time to this product now since I have discovered that the earnings on this item are greater than any item I have handled in the past."

—William F. Wydallis
Van Wert, Ohio

CHARLES KAMA

This Presto salesman from Texas was featured at "Salesman of the Month" on the front cover of a sales magazine. He told the magazine's reporter:

"I think I've succeeded pretty well. I'm making more than a thousand dollars a month—and I haven't touched bottom yet."

**MERLITE INDUSTRIES, Inc., Dept. 1252,
201 East 16th Street, New York 3, N. Y.**

Please send me illustrated sales literature, liberal profit plan, order blanks—everything I need to get started making good money introducing the Presto Fire Extinguisher in my locality.

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WISH TO ORDER A REGULAR PRESTO TO BE USED AS A DEMONSTRATOR (\$2.50). Pays for itself many times over in increased sales. Can be returned as often as you like for FREE re-fill. You needn't enclose any money now—we'll send Demonstrator C.O.D. (Or if you wish to save money, enclose \$2.50 and we'll pay postage.)

☐ If under 18 years of age, check here for Booklet A.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

IN CANADA: Mopa Co., Ltd., 371 Dowd Street, Montreal 1, P.Q.

This is the average earning reported by Presto salesman WM. F. WYDALLIS. "The sky's the limit" on Presto profits because of America's serious need for this new fire extinguishing discovery.

WOULDN'T YOU like to be making the kind of money William F. Wydallis is making? His story (printed at right) is just one example of the brilliant success that Presto salesmen are meeting everywhere! A Florida salesman earned \$600 in one month. An Ohio man earned \$2100 in 2 months. A new York salesman earned \$1500 in one month. A New Hampshire salesman added the Presto as a *sideline* and picked up an extra \$1800 in 20 months.

Almost Two Million Already Sold!

PRESTO contains an amazing new chemical "Chlorobromomethane" or "C.B." developed as a secret defense against fire during the war.

In comparing the effectiveness of "C.B." in fighting various kinds of fires an authoritative testing laboratory states: "It has been proved that 'C.B.' is about 1.5 to 6 times as effective as other common extinguishing agents on an equal weight basis."

This extra effectiveness of "C.B." means that Presto can be made light and handy enough for even a woman or child to use. Just a twist of the knob... and flames disappear! "Sells on sight" to civil defense workers, owners of homes, cars, stores, farms, service stations, boats, motorcycles, factories, offices and to stores for re-sale.

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Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Cut out and mail coupon below. Send in envelope or paste on postal. You will get actual Servicing Lesson to prove it's practical to learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page Book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Read what my graduates are doing, earning, see photos of equipment you practice with at home. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 48K
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MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 48K
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